PENNSYLVANIA WAR HISTORY COMMISSION
Date Rec'd MAY 26 1920
Sub.
U. S.
Pa.
County

"YOUR RESOLUTION AND FORTITUDE ARE WORTHY OF THE BEST TRADITIONS OF THE AMERICAN ARMY"

THE WATCH ON THE RHINE

THE THIRD (MARNE) DIVISION

SOMME DEFENSIVE · CHATEAU THIERRY SECTOR · AISNE DEFENSIVE · CHAMPAGNE-MARNE DEFENSIVE

ST. MIHIEL OFFENSIVE · 1ST ARMY SECTOR · MEUSE-ARGONNE · AISNE-MARNE OFFENSIVE

(THE OFFICIAL ORGAN OF THE SOCIETY OF THE THIRD (*Regular*) DIVISION)

VOL. I. LITTLE ROCK, ARKANSAS, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 1, 1919. NO. 1

TRIP TO PORT TAKES MEN BY NOTED PLACES

Men of the Third, With Visions of Home Looming High, Enjoy Final Ride in Europe.

Between noon of August 5 and the evening of August 11 a string of 25 troop trains pulled out of Andernach, Germany, carrying the men of the Third Division to Brest, France, where they would embark for home.

That was the beginning of the most popular and most welcome journey that the members of the Marne Division ever made. It had been almost nine months—nine long months—since the signing of the armistice, which was soon followed by the movement of troops homeward. All that time the men of the Division had been wondering when their turn would come to sail across the brine.

Some had gradually lost hope and had fallen into a sort of stubborn despondency. Many believed that the stay on the Rhine would lengthen into years, and as a result large numbers re-enlisted for a definite period, thinking that they would get home sooner that way. Others had alternate periods of hope and despondency. And others had the faculty of always being able to pick up a rumor somewhere that kept them thoroughly excited and expectant.

But in spite of the gloomy outlook that persisted for so long, the glad tidings finally came—all with a rush—and in due time, August 5 at 2:03 p. m., the first of those 25 trains started that Brest-ward, westward movement. Those cars weren't the "40 hommes—8 chevaux" kind that the men had become so used to back in France during the more strenuous of their A. E. F. days. But they might as well have been this particular brand of "side-door Pullmans," for no one who had waited as long as these men had for that "westward, ho" command would register a kick on any kind of conveyance that was to take him nearer home.

Before boarding the train each man was supplied with a bed sack, and then large bales of cork shavings, O. D. feathers, the men called them, were opened up so that the men could fill their bed sacks and make comfortable beds for themselves.

Thus each train pulled out of the historic old town of Andernach on schedule time, each side of each car neatly decorated with two large Division insignias as much as a square yard in size, and the men loaded down with a big supply of magazines, but too jubilant to read them.

The course of the journey lay down the valley of the Rhine past many old castles and spots of historic interest. Several of the men of the Division had been through that country before, but to the large majority the sights were new.

Scattered down along the river were the famous castles of Hemmerstein, Rheineck, Arenfels, which has a window for each day in the year, Ockenfels, Drachenfels, Drachenberg and Godesberg. A good opportunity was afforded of seeing the Siebengebirge, the Seven Mountains, which form one of the most beautiful pieces of scenery along the entire Rhine.

After reaching Bonn, the famous university city, the mountains and cliffs gave way to a beautiful stretch of level country which was still yellow with the wheat harvest. At Cologne, where one of the most majestic cathedrals of Europe is located, the course broke away from the Rhine in a more nearly western direction.

This course led through Duren to what the Germans call Aachen, but more commonly known by the name of Aix-la-Chapelle, which is on the German border, right where Belgium and Holland come together. This city, which is so famous for world con-

(Continued on Page 8, Col. 1.)

MEMORIAL OF TWO HISTORIC EVENTS WILL BE ERECTED

The cornerstone of a monument to mark both the point where the first American soldiers landed in France in May, 1917, and the spot from which Lafayette sailed to America with aid in 1777 was laid on Pointe DeGrave at the mouth of the Gironde River on September 6, anniversary of the birth of Lafayette.

The ceremony was attended by President Poincaire of France, Premier Clemenceau, Marshal Foch, U. S. Ambassador Hugh C. Wallace, General Tasker H. Bliss and General W. D. Connor, now commanding the American forces in France. A body of American troops was the guard of honor, and the band from the U. S. S. Carolina furnished the music. In addition there were crowds of French and American soldiers, sailors and marines who came to witness the dedication.

In proclaiming the unity of purpose for which France and America fought, President Poincare said: "In the plains of Picardy, Lorraine and Champagne by the sides of 1,400,000 Frenchmen who the war has mown down sleep your Americans whose mothers do not know their graves. They all sacrificed for the same ideal for which the French died."

Ambassador Wallace in replying praised the undying spirit of France, and said that the memorial would be erected to "Victory and Liberty."

The monument is being designed by the famous French sculptor Barthlolemy. As the plans are almost complete, it is expected that the work of erecting the monument will begin at once.

ENGINEERS ESTABLISH COURSE IN SURVEYING

One of the first moves for intensive training made by Colonel Jones, Commanding Officer of the Sixth Engineers, after the arrival of the Third Division at Camp Pike, was the establishment of a school in practical and theoretical surveying. It has always been recognized that a knowledge of surveying and maps is of inestimable value in the field, and that the lack of such knowledge is often fatal. This was illustrated particularly during the Russo-Japanese War, when most of the officers of the Russian Army below the rank of colonel were unable to make maps or to read them.

The class is already taking much interest in the work and making good progress, which is unusual in classes of this sort. Some of the subjects that will be covered in detail during the winter are topography, with practice in the use of the plane table and the military sketching outfit; plane surveying and practice in the uses of the chain, rod, level and transit, with instruction on how to keep notes; hydrography and the making of charts of navigable waters; astronomy, orientation at night, and the determination of time by the stars; position and outpost sketching; and field geometry and hydrography.

Instruction in this work is based on aptitude and previous experience. Some of the men have had experience in this kind of work before or during the war, and have been able to step into the course at a more advanced point. Those, however, who have had no previous knowledge of the work are starting in at the beginning of the course.

One of the pratical projects under consideration in this class is the making of a large size map of Camp Pike and vicinity, showing all topographical conditions together with a correct location of all roads and bridle paths. Much of the work by the members of the class will be done in the open, which will be a welcome diversion from the rather monotonous life in the camp.

FRANCE PAYS RESPECTS TO THIRD DIVISION AT TIME OF ITS DEPARTURE

Republic Gives General Howze Artistic Memento With Message Wishing Bon Voyage.

In appreciation of the services of the Third Division in France and Germany the French government presented the division commander, Maj. Gen. Robert L. Howze, with a silver plaque and a letter of praise on the eve of his departure from Brest August 14.

The presentation was made after General Howze had boarded the U. S. S. Prinz Friederich Wilhelm, on which he and the headquarters of the division were to be transported to Hoboken. The admiral of the French fleet at Brest accompanied by a colonel from the French army went aboard to pay this parting tribute to the division and its commander.

The silver plaque that was presented to General Howze bears a replica of "The Lion of Belfort," that famous piece of sculpture that Frederic Auguste Bartholdi, designer also of the Statue of Liberty which France presented to the United States fort after the heroic defense of that little city during the war between France and Prussia in 1870-71.

The plaque bears the following inscription: "The government of the French republic to Major General Robert L. Howze, commanding Third Division, U. S. Army, 1918-1919."

Accompanying this little memento indicative of the highest regards on the part of the French for the Third was a letter from General Andre Tardieu, commander for the French American relations in war, in which he expressed the praise of France for the Marnemen.

The letter is as follows:

FRENCH REPUBLIC
Office of the President of the Council.
Paris, Aug. 2, 1919.

To the Commanding General Third U. S. Division:

My Dear General--Your division is one of the last to leave the soil of France, where the American Army leaves behind it imperishable remembrances. I can never forget the glorious part it played in the battles of 1918, and I take the pleasure in expressing to it, in the name of the government of the republic, our gratitude.

The Third Division had hardly disembarked when its aid was invoked to stem the tide of the great German offensive: One of the machine gun battalions, the Seventh, covered itself with glory in front of Chateau Thierry, defending the crossing of the Marne. The entire division shortly afterward took over a sector upon the southern bank of the river. It withstood in glorious fashion the German attack of the 15th of July, holding its positions and counter-attacking in order to throw the Germans back into the Marne.

In the month of October the Third Division was engaged between the Meuse and the Argonne; it conquered the heights which surround Romange sous Montfaucon and took possession of Clery le Petit, giving evidence throughout the operations of its spirit of sacrifice.

The hour of victory and of peace is come. I salute those who have fallen in battle, and I hope for those who have survived a happy return to their own country.

I beg you to accept, my dear general, the assurance of my sincere respect.

On behalf of the president of the council and by his command.
The Commanding General for French-American Relations in War,
ANDRE TARDEU.

HERE'S ONE TIME THIS LOOEY DIDN'T RANK HIS DOG-ROBBER

The looey's orderly may have been disorderly drunk, but at that he was more orderly than the looey.

The orderly had been out for a little spree in Anna's wirtshaft, where full many a private, and, indeed, many a full private had been celebrating the news that they were going home.

But the looey had had something stronger than Rhine wine with which to celebrate, and his eyesight wasn't particularly good when he stumbled into his billet a few minutes behind the orderly.

"Why the devil aren't you over in your own room and in bed?" snapped the looey in a high voice, as he staggered into a chair.

"Who wants to know?" growled the orderly. "What the deuce have you been doing out this time of night?"

"Eh?" ejaculated the looey. "You celebrated, too, didn't you?"

"Sure, but look who I am," was the reply. The orderly had slipped off his clothes and was climbing into the looey's bed.

"Whatcha doing there?"

"You see, don'tcha?" replied the orderly.

"Where—where'm I gonna sleep, then?" drawled the looey, as he tried to get on his feet.

"Over in my room, of course," answered the private. He slipped out of bed and took the looey by the arm. "Come on, I'll take ye over there."

He pulled the looey out of the room and along the hall, both of them stumbling several times in the darkness. Finally they reached the other room and the orderly lighted the candle.

"There's my bunk," said the private. "Take a look at it. Schon, nit?"

The looey agreed that it was, though by this time he was probably capable of seeing a whole row of bunks in place of just the one.

The orderly pushed the looey into a chair, and after staggering around a bit began to take off the looey's clothes. First came boots, then Sam Browne, and then blouse. That was as far as that part of the performance went. Then in some way he managed to roll the looey into the bed.

"Y'll right?" finally asked the orderly.

"Uh-huh," grunted the looey contentedly.

With that the orderly staggered back down the hall, into the other room, and made one big dive into the looey's downey bed.

"Schon, nit!" cooed the private to himself as he dropped off to sleep.

For that night the orderly ranked.

GENERAL HUNT.

In the next issue of The Watch on the Rhine will appear a short history of the life of Brig. Gen. Ora E. Hunt, who was placed in command of Third Division after its arrival in the United States from duty overseas.

OFFICER OF 3RD DIES.

Maj. Benjamin A. Dubois, formerly quartermaster of the Third Division, died at Fort Sam Houston base hospital the night of October 23. He had been relieved from his work while the Third Division was still in Germany and was sent home suffering from tuberculosis. His body was sent to his former home at Brooklyn, N. Y., for burial.

MEN IN SERVICE DROP INSIGNIA OF DIVISIONS

A circular issued by the War Department regarding the wearing of division, army corps, or army insignia reads as follows:

"Officers and enlisted men returning from France as casuals for the purpose of discharge will be permitted to wear insignia indicating the tactical division, army corps, or army with which they served overseas. This applies not only to those who are to be immediately discharged but also those retained in hospitals pending discharge.

"Officers and men returning as casuals not for discharge but for active duty in this country will be required to remove such insignia.

"Units returning from overseas for the purpose of demobilizing will be permitted to wear divisional, army corps, or army insignia until demobilized. Units returned for station in this country, which are not to be demobilized, will be required to remove such insignia."

Sam Browne Gives Up Ghost in Mid-Atlantic

Uncle Sam Browne, well known to all who were ever members of the A. E. F., died a peaceful death while in mid-Atlantic on the way back to America.

During his stay in Europe he was shown more respect and courtesy than any general would ever be able to receive, and there were few who failed to recognize him when they met him on the street.

Most of those who were near-sighted in the presence of Sam Browne usually received some kind of special treatment that improved their eyesight.

In spite of the fact that Uncle Sam Browne was the object of so much reverence overseas his death did not cause deep mourning on the part of any except a few second lieutenants. And on the part of field clerks there was unsuppressible joy at Sam Browne's disappearance, for they have always maintained that Sam Browne showed too much distinction.

It had long been predicted that Sam Browne would never survive a trans-Atlantic voyage. No funeral ceremonies were held for the deceased.

WISCONSIN CONGRESSMEN PROPOSE COMPENSATION

Thirty dollars a month for every month in the service as an additional compensation to those who were in the military service during the war has been proposed before the House of Representatives by the members of the Wisconsin congressional delegation.

The statement, which was signed by Representatives Classon, Randall, Esch, Browne, Lampert, Voight, Frear, Nelson, Kleczka and Monahan, reads in part as follows:

"Discharged soldiers and sailors returning to their homes find that their civilian friends who drew high wages during the war are now holding good positions at continued high wages. The discharged service man must find a job. His enforced absence from industry has in a measure taken away his skill and he must start anew, and he does not start on an equal footing with the civilian who remained at home.

"Justice to the service men demands the payment of additional compensation that he may be reimbursed in part for his financial loss, and that he may start anew on an equal footing with those who remained at home from choice or necessity."

The government has ordered more than 500 miles of ribbon which is to be made into service badges and military decorations.

TROOPS FROM THIRD QUELL RACE RIOTING

Surround Band in Canebrake Near Elaine, Capturing Them and Taking Their Guns.

On October 1, when the race rioting at Elaine, Ark., was at its height, 500 troops from various organizations of the Third Division, under the command of Lieut. Col. Isaac C. Jenks of Third Train Headquarters, with Maj. N. E. Callen of the Fourth Infantry second in command, were sent to the scene of the trouble to quell the riots.

The troops landed at Elaine about 8:30 the morning of the 2nd, finding the town crowded with hundreds of civilians armed with all kinds of guns from horse pistols and Civil war muskets to modern rifles. Colonel Jenks had outposts stationed at all the neighboring plantations and advance parties were sent out in several directions.

The Fourth Infantry took the advance and formation and [illegible] came in contact with the negro rioters in the heart of a thick canebrake about three miles outside of the town of Elaine. Here they rounded up between 200 and 300 negroes, put them under arrest, and took up in all between 500 and 600 guns. Most of the ringleaders of the troublemakers were caught, and under pressure several of them confessed to taking part in various shooting scrapes that had recently occurred in or near Elaine.

Before the Fourth Infantry succeeded in capturing the armed band, however, there was quite a bit of fighting in and about the canebrake, resulting in two casualties for the troops, one of them fatal. Corporal Luther Earles of Company H received wounds that shortly afterwards resulted in his death, and Sergt. Pearl B. Gay of Headquarters Company was shot in the chest during the encounter, but managed to stick to his part of the work until some time after. His wound did not prove serious.

Two days after the arrival of the troops at Elaine 100 men were sent as a military guard to Helena to forestall race rioting there.

On the morning of the 8th, after things had been comparatively quiet for a few days, the work was reported finished and by the night of the 9th the troops had returned to Camp Pike.

The body of Corporal Earles was sent on October 4 to the home of his parents at Narrows, Va., for burial.

A message sent by the citizens of Elaine a few days after the rioting expressing appreciation for the work of the Third Division in quelling the trouble is as follows:

"The citizens of Elaine, Phillips county, Arkansas, desire to thank Governor Brough for his personal interest and prompt action in sending the federal troops to their assistance to quell the recent negro uprising in this county, and they also wish to express their hearty thanks and appreciation to Colonel Jenks, his officers and troops for the courtesies and efficient service rendered by them while in this community. They desire further to extend their thanks to the citizens of Helena and the neighboring towns, who so promptly came to their immediate aid. The efficient aid and the service rendered by the officials of the Memphis, Helena and Louisiana Railroad Company shall always be remembered by the citizens of Elaine as a great and valuable service. The citizens of Elaine extend their heartfelt sympathy to those connected with the men who so courageously gave up their lives in our behalf.

"CITIZENS OF ELAINE,
"By S. S. Stokes, Mayor."

If opera singers don't quit trying to produce German opera the price of eggs is going to take another boost.

Several Things You Need to Know About Your Government Insurance

Hold on to your government insurance. Pay the premiums when they fall due, no matter what sacrifice this may entail.

There is nothing which makes for self-respect so much as a consciousness that one is insured.

There is no greater boon in modern civilization than life insurance. The man who can't afford to die can't afford to live.

The government's plan of insurance and compensation, with its provisions covering disability, was devised to take the place of a pension system. Therefore, don't you, and don't let any pal of yours with whom you have any influence, drop government insurance.

Your present insurance is an emergency, war-time measure. In recognition of your services and of the necessity of providing for your dependents, the government, instead of charging you a higher rate of premium than civilian corporations charged, provides insurance at a lower rate than a civilian could obtain.

This is possible because the government charges the policy holders nothing for administration and bears the extra mortality costs.

This one-year, renewable, term insurance may be carried by you for five years after the declaration of peace, with the privilege of converting it at any time during that period without having to undergo a physical examination into one of the so-called permanent forms.

Uncle Sam is willing to accept you as a risk on the basis of what you were when you entered the service. no matter what may have happened to you since.

There are six forms into which you may convert your insurance:

A—Ordinary life policy.
B—20-payment life policy.
C—30-payment life policy.
D—20-year endowment.
E—30-year endowment.
F—Endowment policy maturing at age of 62.

The premium rates for the permanent forms are shown as follows:

$1,000 Insurance.

	Ordinary Life.		20-Payment Life.	
Age.	Mthly.	Annl.	Mthly.	Annl.
20	$1.15	$13.58	$1.76	$20.79
25	1.29	15.24	1.91	22.56
30	1.47	17.36	2.10	24.81
35	1.70	20.08	2.33	27.52
40	2.01	23.74	2.62	30.95
45	2.43	28.71	2.99	35.32
50	2.01	35.56	3.50	41.34

	20-Year Endowment.		30-Year Endowment.	
Age.	Mthly.	Annl.	Mthly.	Annl.
20	$3.31	$39.10	$2.06	$24.33
25	3.33	39.34	2.09	24.69
30	3.36	39.69	2.15	25.40
35	3.41	40.28	2.24	26.46
40	3.51	41.46	2.41	28.47
45	3.68	43.47	2.68	31.66
50	3.98	47.02	3.14	37.09

This permanent insurance will be written and carried by the government at rates considerably lower than regular insurance companies granting similar benefits. Expenses of administration are paid by the government and are not charged against the insurance, thereby granting the insured a net rate.

The insurance is incontestable for any reason from date of issue. It stands as written. But you can void it by failing to pay the premium when due. No creditor, no tax collector, no court can touch it.

You may name as beneficiary only a wife, child, grandchild, brother, sister, parent, or grandparent. But at any time you may change the beneficiary if it is in this class.

These policies have a loan and cash value beginning at the end of the first year and loans are obtainable therefrom up to 94 per cent of the cash value.

Make no move toward converting your insurance into any one of the foregoing permanent forms without having the fullest advice from the Bureau of War Risk Insurance. Give no heed to guardhouse or sea lawyers who may try to make you believe that they know all about it.

You have five years in which to come to a decision in this matter, but you have only 30 days in which to pay a premium when due. Don't forget that.

Your premium on your present insurance is due on the first of the month following your discharge, and although you are entitled to 30 days' grace following the due date, try your utmost to pay each month in advance.

The best way of transmitting your premiums is by postal or express money order, made payable to the Treasurer of the United States. Checks are all right, too. They should be made payable to the Treasurer of the United States.

Address the envelope thus:

Premium Receipt Station,
Bureau of War Risk Insurance,
Treasury Department,
Washington, D. C.

In making a remittance be sure to give your full name, rank, organization, army serial number, the number of your insurance certificate, if you know it, and the month for which you are paying.

If you have failed to pay your premiums since discharge don't wait to catch up. Buy a money or express order immediately and enclose it with a signed request that your insurance be reinstated.

No matter what happens don't lose your nerve. A man's not dead till he's six feet under. Stick out your jaw and write to the Bureau of War Risk Insurance and you'll perhaps find out that it's really more generous than its austere legal words indicate.

Re-enlistment will give opportunity for a reinstatement of lapsed insurance.

In paying premiums take into account whether your increased age since the date the insurance was issued calls for an increase of premium.

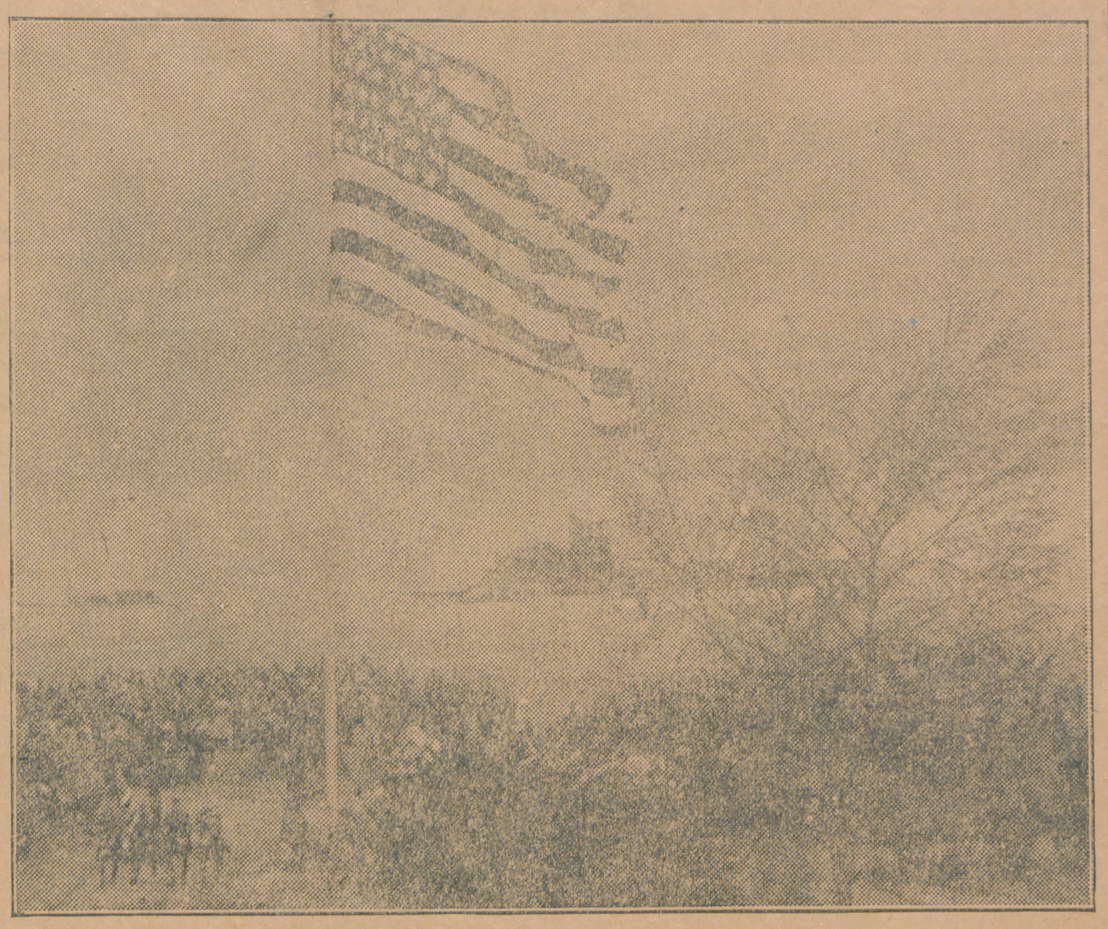
Compute premiums from the following table by multiplying the rate for a given age by the number of thousands for which you are insured:

Monthly Premiums for Each $1,000 of Insurance.

Age.	Mthly Prem.	Age.	Mthly. Prem.
15	$ .63	41	$ .82
16	.53	42	.84
17	.63	43	.87
18	.64	44	.89
19	.64	45	.92
20	.64	46	.95
21	.65	47	.99
22	.65	48	1.03
23	.65	49	1.08
24	.66	50	1.14
25	.66	51	1.20
26	.67	52	1.27
27	.67	53	1.35
28	.68	54	1.44
29	.69	55	1.53
30	.69	56	1.64
31	.70	57	1.76
32	.71	58	1.90
33	.72	59	2.05
34	.73	60	2.21
35	.74	61	2.40
36	.75	62	2.60
37	.76	63	2.82
38	.77	64	3.07
39	.79	65	3.35
40	.81		

From "Where Do We Go From Here."

By Maj. William Brown Maloney.



Troops of Third Division Raising Colors On Rhine.

8TH M. G. BATTALION.

ON AUGUST 7, 1919, the 8th Machine Gun Battalion left Nickenich, A and B companies having hiked there from Wassenach to join Headquarters Company and C and D companies. The entire battalion marched out of the town together led by the battalion band.

The battalion entrained at 6:30 in the evening at Niedermendig. After passing through Andernach it took the general route prescribed for the Third Division to follow on its way to Brest and arrived at the port of embarkation at 7:30 on the evening of August 10. After getting some chow the battalion hiked to Camp Pontanezen.

On Monday, August 11, the officers and men were examined and deloused. Orders were received that the ship would be boarded the following day. As a result of the orders that all regular army officers below the rank of major should be left in France the battalion lost Captains Thurber and Warner and Lieutenants Roach, Hastings, Jencks, Brimmer, Curry and Freeman.

On the night of August 11 a "Y" hut burned down in camp and a bunch of Third Division men with the help of a few marines prevented further damage.

On the following day the battalion hiked from the barracks to the pier and there boarded the lighter for the U. S. S. Pretoria. The Pretoria was formerly a Hamburg-American liner, and until the signing of the armistice was held at Hamburg harbor. Major Weaver commanded the troops on board; the captain of the ship was Commander Roe Adams, and the executive officer was Commander Beall.

Chaplain Dinnen had difficulty in getting orders to return to the United States with his outfit, as he is a regular army officer, but after unusual insistence on his part he was able to board the ship in the harbor by coming out in a general's launch.

The U. S. S. Pretoria carried the entire 8th Machine Gun Battalion, Ambulance Company No. 5 and six or seven small organizations. The anchor was hauled in at 4:30 in the afternoon and the homeward voyage began.

Due to the efforts and courtesies of the naval officers the trip was made a very pleasant one for the troops aboard. The Pretoria is the only American troop ship with a natatorium and this with the boxing ring and the indoor baseball court was the source of something doing all the time.

Band concerts were held twice a day, moving pictures for officers every night and moving pictures for the men every morning, afternoon and night. The principal entertainers were Sgt. Mike Jackson at the piano, Sgt. Kempter, violin; Pvt. Pat Hasson, singing and dancing; Pvts. Nickolson, Archer and Perillo and an orchestra under the supervision of Pvt. Jean Boylan, violinist.

The first sight of land was the view of the lighthouse on Fire Island. Then came the twin lights at Highland lighthouse on the New Jersey side and then the lights of Long Island, Rockaway and Coney Island. The anchor was dropped near Staten Island at 11:30 at night.

On Monday morning, August 25, inspectors came aboard. Then a K. of C. boat came out to meet the ship with plenty of candy and cigarettes. The Pretoria docked at Brooklyn at 8:30, and a band played lively American music while the troops embarked. After the men had been loaded down with candy, cigarettes and fruit from the Red Cross, Y. M. C. A., Salvation Army, J. W. B. and K. of C. they boarded a ferry boat for Weekhawken, and on the way up greeted Miss Liberty.

At Weekhawken the troops entrained for Camp Merritt, where they remained until August 28. On that date those who were to remain with the ganization entrained for Camp Pike, Ark., going by way of Albany, Buffalo, Cleveland, Indianapolis, St. Louis and Little Rock.

At a small town near Lake Erie the chaplain requested [illegible] of the train that he be permitted to organize a swimming party. The request was granted, and as a result about 50 officers and men enjoyed a refreshing swim and bath.

At Camp Merritt most of the officers were sent to various camps to be discharged, so that when the organization reached Camp Pike on August 31 it had an average of about 30 men to the company.

6TH ENGINEERS.

AFTER a hot, tiresome journey starting at Camp Merritt August 28, what remained of the regiment landed at Camp Pike on August 31.

No one had occupied the part of the camp assigned to the Third Division since shortly after the armistice was signed, and so it was considerably run down. Since the arrival of the division, however, the appearance of the buildings and the surroundings have been greatly improved, and although some of the men are perhaps not quite so comfortable as they were in Germany, everybody has a hospital spring cot to himself, plenty of room and enough to eat.

Col. Charles L. Sturdevant comes to us from the extreme Northwest, having been in charge of the defensive works at Puget Sound and in charge of the river and harbor work of Puget Sound and all of its tributaries. He also had charge of constructing the wagon road to Mount Ranier, National Park, Washington. He arrived here on a sunny day with a sunny smile, and the way that he has taken hold of the work he is assured of the hearty co-operation of the boys of the Sixth.

Sergeant Goodwin in a private interview with mysterious Johnny has discovered his reasons for coming to Arkansas. He said: "I have been balled out, held up and down, bulldozed, black-jacked, walked on, cheated, squeezed and mooched, stuck for war tax, excess tax, per capita tax, dog tax and syntax, Liberty bonds and bonds of matrimony, Red Cross, Iron Cross and double cross; I have been asked to help the Society of John the Baptist, the G. A. R., the Y. M. C. A., women's relief, man's relief and stomach relief; I have worked and been worked, have been drunk and got others drunk, lost all that I own, have been cussed and discussed, boycotted and ruined, and now I'm sticking around here to see what will happen next."

Dad Reading says that this place is haunted, but the rest of us don't see anything the matter. Corn whiskey gives a man a bad conscience and a bad head—sometimes both. This is the first time we have heard of a snake in the attic, but we have heard of them being in boots. You never can tell what this Arkansas water is liable to do on a rainy day. It's liable to make a fellow put his umbrella to bed and stand in the corner all night.

Corporal Shyer has voluntarily restricted himself to the confines of the camp during the rest of his stay in the army. It appears that while on furlough he got entangled in some matrimonial bonds. Oh well, there have been others who took the same chance.

Those who missed seeing the circus the other day can make up for the loss by watching the Engineers go through their basketball maneuvers in the camp auditorium. From the way in which the 200-pounders have been colliding with one another it is recommended that full football uniforms be worn.

[illegible] Third Division has been called together to receive lectures on the appearance of the soldier. It is true that many look as though they needed grooming badly, but at present we cannot get the O. D.'s necessary to give us a neat appearance. There is no bunch of men that feel the spirit of good soldiering any more than the Third Division, and when we are given the necessary wherewithalls we will come up to the standard laid down in the good book.

76TH FIELD ARTILLERY.

THE 76th Field Artillery left Brest, France, the 12th of August on the U. S. S. Madawaska and the U. S. S. Powhatan and landed on the 23rd.

Some learned a lot about the army on the way across, finding out the real rank of noncoms above grade 16, who seemed to rate a special mess and special quarters. Why is it that staterooms are locked up to keep high ranking gimicks from using them? There was plenty of room for all, but nothing doing, even after a healthy kick about it.

A meeting was held on the boat in the interests of the Third Division Society and the following men were elected as officers of the regimental chapter: President, Lt. Harry C. Dayton and secretary-treasurer, Regimental Sgt. Maj. C. L. Ruperts.

Some boxing bouts between soldiers and sailors were held on the way across. Walter Johnson, who is still with the regiment, rained a swift succession of his horseshoer punches on a gob's chin until the gob appeared to be wearing a red bib. Teddy Moss could have put his man to sleep at any moment, but the roll of the ship made his heart too tender. One mistake was made by not drawing the color line, for when Taylor of Battery F tried his hand on the colored featherweight champion of the Madawaska he heard the birds singing in short order. But when Murphy asked the colored champion to take on a bout for a little American money a good chance was lost to make a little coin, for the bout never came off.

Some of the men who left the regiment at Camp Merritt and were to have been discharged have already heard the call to arms and have reenlisted. McClanahan, the little red-cheeked Irishman from Battery B, after re-enlisting and going on his furlough, got so homesick for the outfit that before half of his alloted leave was up he had reported back for duty.

A few of the reserve men almost got out of the service not long ago by requesting to be furloughed to the reserve, but the effort did not quite meet with success.

30TH INFANTRY.

THE following named men, who belong to or have formerly belonged to the 30th Infantry, have been elected as officers of the 30th Infantry Branch, Society of the Third Division:

Commander, Maj. Jay Zorn; secretary-treasurer, Bn. Sgt. Maj. Frank King; executive committee, regulars, First Sgt. Louie Bettman, Company B, 30th Infantry; Sgt. Troy Jordon, Company D, 30th Infantry; Corp. Peter B. Friday, Company D, 30th Infantry; civilians, Capt. Frederick Winant Jr., First Lieut. B. W. Pizzini.

One day while aboard the U. S. S. America on the homeward voyage some soldiers on D deck spied a passing ship in the distance. Due to the tossing of the sea the outline of the vessel was scarcely distinguishable. Some whose eyesight was evidently poor could not locate the ship and had their doubts about one being there. "There it is, straight over there," shouted Color Sergeant Monroe, "right beyond the horizon."

In order that The Watch on the Rhine may retain its reputation as one of the newsiest and most interesting papers to be published by a soldier organization it is requested that all men of the 30th Infantry who are inclined to do so contribute to its support by submitting news items, stories, songs, poems or writeups of any nature that might be of interest to all readers.

Contributions will be accepted by Sergt. Clifford H. Boyd, regimental correspondent, at regimental headquarters, 30th Infantry, and forwarded to the office of The Watch on the Rhine.

Come across, fellows! The few who are left in the regiment must in a sense represent the whole. Live up to the record that the regiment has established and help keep the spirit of the division alive to all its purposes and ideals. Sgt. C. H. Boyd.

7TH INFANTRY.

SEVERAL 7th Infantry officers have brought their families to Hotel Belmont, which is located within convenient distance from Camp Pike. Among those now at the Belmont are Mrs. S. G. Brown, wife of Major Brown; Mrs. Madden and son, family of Capt. Madden; Mrs. Wright, wife of Capt. Wright, and Mrs. Beatty and two children, family of Lieutenant Beatty.

When the division began to move out of Germany so many began to drop off here and here, either discharged or assigned to new organizations, that it was practically impossible for one to keep track of all his friends. Here is information regarding a few who were formerly officers in the Seventh:

Capt. T. L. Lamoreaux has been assigned to the 7th Machine Gun Battalion, Capt. Richard S. Tindall, Capt. H. H. McClure and Lieut. P. A. Payne are remaining in Europe; Capt. L. H. Bixby, Capt. Vance L. Richmond, Capt. H. P. Hallowell, Lieut. L. S. Stickney and Lieut. Davis Jones were assigned to the 8th Infantry, which is remaining in Germany.

LIFE INSURANCE IN WILD WEST.

Agent—"What did that new arrival say?" Assistant—"He wouldn't talk to me at all—said he was too busy to talk about life insurance." Agent—"Well, I'll hang around his house tonight and shoot holes through his windows, and when he comes down town in the morning you be behind a fence in some vacant lot and put a few balls through the top of his hat. Then when he reaches his office I'll drop in and talk life insurance to him again."

MEN GET HARD GRIND BEFORE LEAVING PORT

Softened by Office Work, Men of Headquarters Nearly Succumb Under Pace Set for Them.

After three days of inactivity on the train, traveling from Andernach, Germany, to Brest, the soldiers attached to Third Division Headquarters, put in as strenuous a period of six hours in the French seaport as if they were rushing up to take their places in the front-line trenches at a critical moment of battle.

All that was lacking was the blooey of the G. I. cans, the hum of airplanes, the rat-a-tat-tat of machine guns and the rattle of rifle fire.

To begin with, Train 23, bearing the men of Headquarters, the Troop, the Detachment, and the special duty men, arrived in Brest at 4 a. m., detrained, stacked arms and equipment, and were led three times around a dark messhall before they were permitted to enter the doors. That meal! Well, it consisted of glutinous red beans, scorched, with lumps of soggy bacon, weak coffee, and bread. Very few of the men finished their breakfast, and they had been hungry at that.

Then they slung packs, took arms, and were marched up the long, long hill that runs out of Brest toward Pontanezen barracks. Some of the men had traveled that road before, when they first came to France. To others it was new.

Now men on detached service at Division Headquarters become soft in a few months. They do not drill, they do not hike. They can't, because they are on duty practically all the time with the M. T. O., the R. T. O., in the Chief Surgeon's office, at the Message Center, in the Adjutant's office, etc. Some of these men had not had a pack on their backs since they ended the 200-odd mile hike into Germany seven months before.

Consequently, the hike up that two-kilometer, steep hill was gruelling. Sweat poured from them in streams, pack straps cut into their flesh, the heavy hobnails seemed to weigh like lead. They fell out once for a rest period, the usual ten minutes, and groaned as they slung packs again to resume the march.

Finally they reached the barracks, unslung their packs, and had a chance to get a good breath again. But they did not wish to waste any time; and indeed they did not waste any, for they were soon lined up and marched to the "mill"—not the kind a soldier inhabits after going A. W. O. L., but the kind where he is extracted from any habitation that may have gathered upon his person. In other words, it is the place where the rank and file of the cootie forces receive their discharges.

Whatever criticisms may have been directed from time to time against Pontanezen barracks and the authorities in charge, there are at least no kicks coming regarding any waste of time in shooting through the "mill" the troops of those last divisions to sail for America. Long practice at delousing and re-equipping had made them speedy at the job, and in spite of some cold baths and some hot sweating, nobody had a grumble. Speed was what they wanted, for all were in a fervor of ambition to set foot upon the gangplank.

Finally all were equipped with barrack bags full of clothing, in addition to their packs and their guns. It was nearing dinner time, but the famous battlecry, "When do we eat?" had been forgotten. Everybody was ready to start for the docks.

They were lined up and marched off at once, and everyone was jubilant. But some one forgot what he was about and took the men on the wrong road for quite a little distance, so that it became necessary for them to retrace their steps back up the hill and over to another road—a full half mile of unnecessary hiking.

And then the men howled. Oh, how they howled! Heavy packs, heavy barrack bags, heavy guns, and a hot day! Early in the day they had been told that unless they got through the delouser and made the boat by 1 o'clock that afternoon, they would have to lay over and catch a boat the next day or the day following. Naturally, when the men were turned back shortly after leaving the barracks, the rumor went up at once that it was because they were too late to catch the boat. That was a severe shock to even the most steadfast, but the situation wasn't as bad as it for the moment appeared to be.

After a long hot march, which few could have made under any conditions that did not promise a homeward voyage, the body of men finally drew up in mob formation on the docks, and before long they were comfortably quartered on the transport that was to carry them to Hoboken.

OFFICERS WHO REMAIN WITH THIRD NAMED

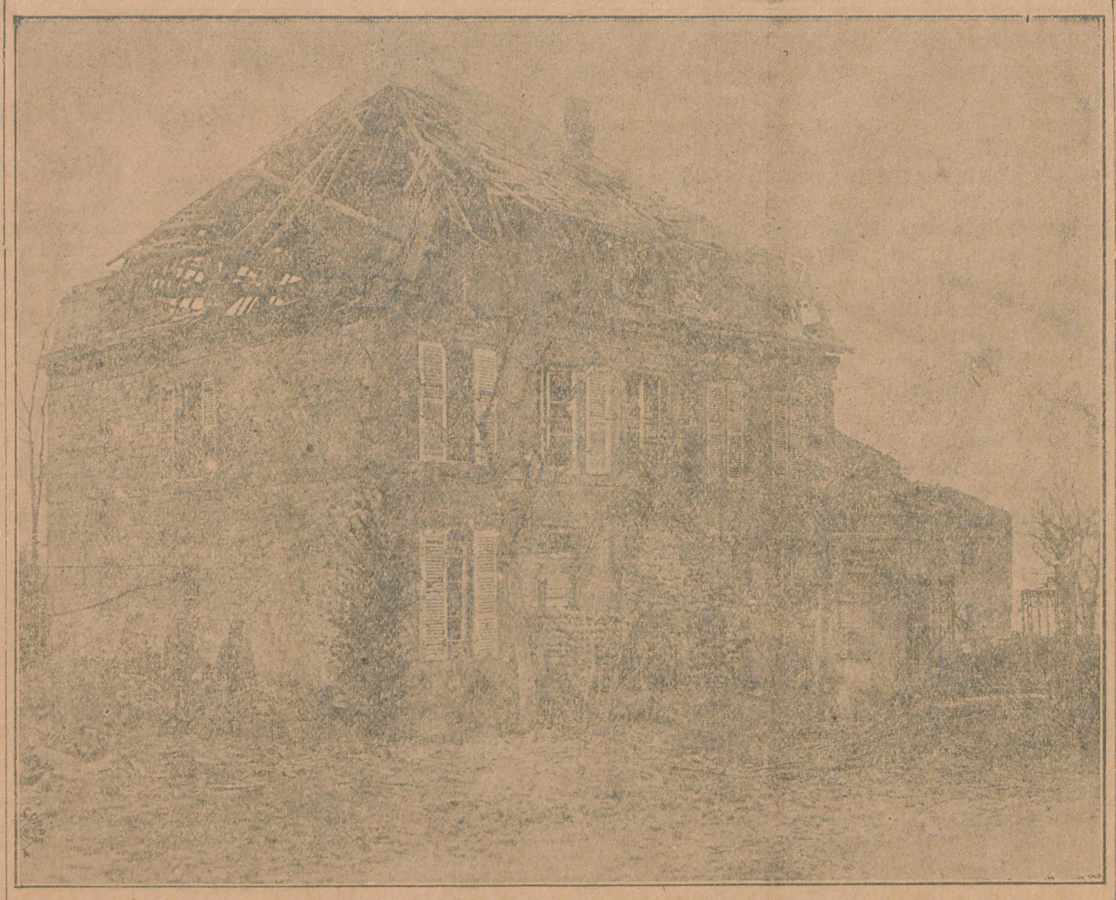
Many Discharges Cut Number of Officers Remaining in Division to Only 197.

After much slicing down of the personnel of the officers of the Third Division through numerous discharges and several transfers the number of officers to be retained as a part of the permanent establishment has resolved itselft to 197.

There are four colonels, 12 lieutenant-colonels, 23 majors, 60 captains, 68 first lieutenants and 30 second lieutenants. The complete list of the officers and the organizations to which they belong is as follows:

Colonels:
Adams, Frank H., Hq. 3rd Div.
Lovell, Geo. F., 3rd Am. Tr.
Turner, Fred H., Hq. 3rd Div.
Wright, Fred S., Hq. 3rd Div.
Lieutenant-colonels:
Fountain, Lee S., Hq. 3rd Div.
Gaston, Jesse, 7th Inf.
Hall, Alex, 7th Inf.
Hunt, Ora E., Hq. 3rd Div.
Jenks, Isaac C., 3rd Tr. Hq.
Johnson, Thomas J., 10th F. A.
Kelly, Patrick, Hq. 3rd Div.
McNeill, Thomas F., 30th Inf.
Philpot, Sheppard B., 4th Inf.
Sears Robert, Hq. 3rd Div.
Stanfield, James H., Hq. 3rd Div.
Waterman, John J., 76th F. A.
Majors:
Arthur, James F., 3rd San. Tr.
Boyce, William R., 4th Inf.
Brown, Sidney G., 7th Inf.
Butler, William O., 10th F. A.
Callen, Nathaniel E., 4th Inf.
Clark, Thomas L., 5th F. S. Bn.
Coxetter, James G., 18th F. A.
Derrick, Jesse D., Hq., 3rd Div.
Dickson, Joshua B., 30th Inf.
Edwards, Edmund B., 18th F. A.
Grimes, Robert I., 3rd San. Tr.
Hasskart, Robert A., 3rd San. Tr.
Llufrio, John W., Hq. 3rd Div.
McKensie, Robert S., Hq. 3rd Div.
Mayben, John W., Hq. 3rd Div.
Moore, Edward K., 18th F. A.
Poage, Robert, Hq. 3rd Div.
Prescott, Austin F., 7th Inf.
Rice, Frederick T., 3rd San. Tr.
Shaffer, Edwin F., 76th F. A.
Thornton, James W., 76th F. A.
Wessley, Joseph R., Hq. 3rd Div.
Zorn, Jay, 30th Inf.
Captains:
Archer, Herman N., 76th F. A.
Ayers, Harry D., 7th Inf.
Blakewell, Joseph H., 76th Inf.
Barbrey, Joseph O., 7th Inf.
Berry, Walter L., Hq. 3rd Div.
Black, Fred L., 4th Inf.
Blackwell, James H., 6th Eng.
Bowen, Arthur F., 4th Inf.
Branson, Harry L., Hq. Troop.
Brooks, Edward H., Hd. 3rd F. A. Brig.
Burgress, William G., 18th F. A.
Byrd, Daniel B., 38th Inf.
Caldwell, Warren C., 30th Inf.
Campbell, William A., 76th F. A.
Claussen, John S., 9th M. G. Bn.
Cronley, James. 10th F. A.
Dalton, William F., 7th Inf.
Delbridge, Clarence, 30th Inf.
Estes, Zenas N., 76th F. A.
Fitzhugh, Arthur C., 18th F. A.
Fleming, Arthur B., 10th F. A.
Fortin, Joseph A., 76th F. A.
Gale, Carrol W., 30th Inf.
Gaskins, Orlando E., 38th Inf.
Hard, James E., 30th Inf.
Hoover, Erskine J., 3rd Am. Tr.
Houston, William H., 18th F. A.
Hudgins, Patrick H., 3rd Tr. Hq.
Irwin, Burr P., 30th Inf.
Lahue, Lauren L., 30th Inf.
Legate, John W., 30th Inf.
Lehnard, Carl J., 10th F. A.
Logan, Paul P., 30th Inf.
Lortz, Lyman H., 7th Inf.
Luth, William C., 8th M. G. Bn.
McBride, John, 30th Inf.
Madden, John S., 4th Inf.
O'Connor, Vincent L., 10th F. A.
O'Kane, Joe, 18th F. A.
Porter, Oliver P., 6th Eng.
Post, Audley M., 18th F. A.
Powell, Andrew J., 30th Inf.
Range, Wilbur N., 18th F. A.
Reagan, Thomas H., 3rd San. Tr.
Robinson, Charles A., 7th Inf.
Rustenayer, Joseph N., 30th Inf.
Soderholm, Nels L., 38th Inf.
Stanhope, Aubrey C., 18th F. A.
Stetler, Walter A., 30th Inf.
Stickler, Edward J., 3rd San. Tr.
Tator, Charles, 30th Inf.
Thebaud, Joseph V., 38th Inf.
Trainer, Owen J., 30th Inf.
Weaver, William G., 8th M. G. Bn.
Weever, George S., 9th M. G. Bn.
Weir, William C., 76th F. A.
West, George B., 38th Inf.
Wheeler, Wallace P., 8th M. G. Bn.
Wooding, Charles E., 3rd San. Tr.
Wright, Robert L., 7th Inf.
First lieutenants:
Anderson, Edgar T., 76th F. A.
Armstrong, James W., 4th Inf.
Atkinson, John H., 7th Inf.
Baldwin, Boss O., 38th Inf.
Beatty, George W., 7th Inf.
Boren, Thomas L., 7th Inf.
Bouve, Walter L., 30th Inf.
Boyd, Logan W., 38th Inf.
Boyle, Ernest E., 4th Inf.
Brady, Francis M., Hq. 3rd Div.
Breen, Thomas A., 6th Eng.
Broderick, Merl L., 4th Inf.
Browder, Wilbur F., 7th Inf.
Brown, Lloyd J., 6th Inf. Brig.
Butner, John C., 76th F. A.
Clark, George C., 30th Inf.
Conway, Thomas T., 38th Inf.
Cooney, Harold A., 18th F. A.
Cross, Thomas J., 7th Inf.
Daffen, George, 7th Inf.
Dayton, Julian, 7th Inf.
Daederick, George S., 4th Inf.
Denson, Roy L., 3rd San. Tr.
Dickering, Irwin S., 30th Inf.
Drollinger, Clyde F., 18th F. A.
Dunnigan, William E., 7th Inf.
During, Fred H., 30th Inf.
Ehringer, Robert W., 18th F. A.
Fisher, Edward A., 76th F. A.
Fitts, William T. J., 38th Inf.
Gervias, Royal, 76th F. A.
Gilbert, Harold, 30th Inf.
Glever, Gary, 7th Inf.
Gordon, Nathan D., 10th F. A.
Gregory, William H., 38th Inf.
Guernsey, Harold J., 10th F. A.
Hampton, John W., 38th Inf.
Hazelrigg, William R., 30th Inf.
Herbert, Howard J., 76th F. A.
Hicklin, Allen B., 76th F. A.
Hill, Mark L., 30th Inf.
Lenow, Columbus, 7th Inf.
McClaughry, Arthur A., 30th Inf.
Macatee, Edward V., 4th Inf.
Manley, James A., 18th F. A.
Mays, William T., 7th Inf.
Merrill, Charles C., 4th Inf.
Moore, James P., 8th M. G. Bn.
Noble, Curtis A., 30th Inf.
Norman, Louis L., 7th Inf.
Page, Marion D., 4th Inf.
Priest, Karlton K., 7th Inf.
Roberts, William H., 4th Inf.
Rote, Tobin C., 7th Inf.
Sanders, Robert C., Hq. 3rd Div.
Sliney, Edmund G., 38th Inf.
Smith, Clifford A., 9th M. G. Bn.
Snyder, Clayton, 9th M. G. Bn.
Steward, Wilfred H., 4th Inf.
Strickland, Auby C., 30th Inf.
Sullivan, Michael J., 10th F. A.
Von Schmidt, Alexis, 38th Inf.
Wallace, James H., 38th Inf.
White, Ambrose F., Hq. 3rd Div.
William, Harry V., 7th Inf.
Woodward, Horace, 10th F. A.
Yeats, Joe J., 3rd Sup. Tr.
Zomer, Leslie N., 76th F. A.
Second Lieutenants:
Akers, William F., 38th Inf.
Alexander, Felix M., 4th Inf.
Backman, Carl F., 38th Inf.
Baker, Herbert E., 10th F. A.
Baker, Hershel D., 10th F. A.
Bausewein, George, 18th F. A.
Bell, Frank H., 18th F. A.
Benson, Guy C., 76th F. A.
Blakey, Bernard B., 30th Inf.
Cumming Ulmont O., 76th F. A.
Dayton, Henry C., 76th F. A.
Dolan, Joseph, 18th F. A.
Floyd, Henry C., 76th F. A.
Futch, Wilton C., 8th M. G. Bn.
Gross, John, 18th F. A.
Halloran, Charles E., 18th F. A.
Hoffman, Carl W., 8th M. G. Bn.
Jardine, David F., 30th Inf.
Jones, Morton M., 8th M. G. Bn.
McWilliams, James K., 18th F. A.
Marriot, Owen R., 10th F. A.
Moore, James E., 38th Inf.
Naylor, George A., 6th Eng.
Schreibner, Carl P., 38th Inf.
Searle, Albert C., 76th F. A.
Selby, John G., 30th Inf.
Sheibelhut, Lee C., 3rd San. Tr.
Smith, Vard, 3rd M. O. R. S.
Voight, Theodore E., 8th M. G. Bn.
Wamsley, Robert H., 10th F. A.

Old Mr. Ballington, who was fond of relating war stories after dinner, mentioned having been in five engagements. "That's not so much," said little George suddenly. "Why Georgie," cried his scandalized mother, "what do you mean?" "Five isn't many," persisted Georgie; "Sister Mary has been engaged nine times."



A little over a year ago the Third Division entered Montfaucon in the heart of the Meuse-Argonne campaign, and established its headquarters in the building illustrated above. It was beneath this same building that the famous dugout of the Crown Prince was located, where he made his headquarters during his prolonged efforts to capture Verdun from the French. On October 1, 1918, when troops of the Third Division first gained possession of this place, they captured the periscopic telescope through which the Crown Prince observed the failure of his efforts to take the French city. The mechanism was such that the periscope could be elevated through the roof of the building to a height of eighty-five feet, while the observer remained many feet underground in the bomb-proof shelter.

FATE OF MEMBER OF 4TH INFANTRY REMAINS MYSTERY

A communication has been received at the office of The Watch on the Rhine regarding the disappearance of a member of the Third Division, Private Maurice F. O'Connor, Intelligence Section Second Battalion, Fourth Infantry, serial number 2,821,535. It is probable that some who knew him may be able to lend assistance that will throw light on what has happened to Private O'Connor.

The letter is printed here in full:

Stromberg Motor Device Co.
58-68 E. Twenty-Fifth St.,
Chicago, Ill., Oct. 7, 1919.

Third Division Newspaper, Camp Pike, Arkansas.

Gentlemen:

For a long time I have been trying to secure some information regarding the fate or whereabouts of my brother who was a member of the Third Division since August 24, 1918.

Sometime in August of this year I was informed by Lieut. B. A. Robbins and Maj. T. M. Chambliss that my brother was taken sick and evacuated to a hospital on October 10, 1918. No information was obtainable as to the name of the hospital, nor as to his condition since leaving the regiment. Since that time I have been placed in communication with two of my brother's comrades, who stated he was returned to the front line on October 12, 1918, two days after being sent to the hospital. They further stated that my brother was in good condition as late as October 18, but do not know what happened to him after that, as they were wounded and put out of action.

The attached copy of a letter dated August 20, 1919, contains practically all the information I am able to obtain from the Adjt. Gen. You will note from this letter that my brother was carried on the roster of Company G, Fourth Infantry, October 31, 1918, as absent and sick, and inasmuch as no word has been received of or from him since that date it has been officially presumed by the War Department that he died October 31, 1918.

You will note there is no positive information as to his death. The Graves Registration Service has no record of his burial and the Surgeon General has no word of his death. I will appreciate it very much if you will publish this request for information in your paper and hope that some member of the Third Division will see it who will be able to furnish some positive information regarding my brother's fate or whereabouts.

Yours very truly,
P. T. O'Connor.

The information which Mr. O'Connor obtained from the Adjutant General after an investigation and a search through various records had been made is included in the following letter:

War Department, Adjutant General's Office, Washington, Aug. 20, 1919.

Mr. P. T. O'Connor, Stromberg Devices Co., 59-68 E. Twenty-Fifth St., Chicago, Ill.

Dear Sir—Referring to the inquiries contained in your letter of August 11 concerning your brother, Maurice F. O'Connor, I beg to make the following statement:

Private First-Class Maurice F. O'Connor, No. 2,821,535, arrived in France with Company C, 340th Infantry, 85th Division, and was transferred on August 22, 1918, to the Third Division and assigned to Company G, Fourth Infantry.

A search of the records of the Central Records Office of the American Expeditionary Force, based upon a cable inquiry from the War Department early in May, showed Private O'Connor carried on the October 31, 1918, roster of Company G, Fourth Infantry, as absent sick. No later rosters or reports of the organization ever showed him present for duty. An inquiry of the organization brought no information other than that he had been evacuated sick to some unknown hospital October 31, 1918. A careful search of all field hospitals operating in the rear of the Third Division for the period October 15 to November 15 failed to reveal any trace of him, nor did the records of hospitals along the main line of evacuation show any record of this soldier ever having been admitted. The office of the Chief Surgeon of the American Expeditionary Force had no report of his ever having been admitted to any hospital in the American Expeditionary Force. The American Statistical Section with the French was then appealed to, and they stated they had no record of Private O'Connor having been admitted to any French hospital. The Graves Registration Service reported that there was no record of his burial. There was nothing to show that he had passed through any of the rest camps, replacement units or embarkation centers. None of the base ports had any record of his having returned to the United States.

After every available source of information abroad had been exhausted report was sent to Washington that Private O'Connor was last heard of as evacuated to hospital October 31 and that further investigation was under way to determine his fate or whereabouts.

A second inquiry from the War Department early in June, 1919, caused another investigation to be made by Headquarters of the American Expeditionary Force, but no information was forthcoming, and the War Department was again notified that investigation had failed to reveal any trace of the wherabouts of Private O'Connor.

Every effort has been made to determine the wherabouts of Private O'Connor and every possible source of information has been exhausted. A thorough search of records of the Adjutant General's office at Washington failed to give any information which might lead to ascertaining his whereabouts, and, concurring in a recommendation received from Headquarters of the American Expeditionary Force, Private Maurice F. O'Connor, No. 2,821,535, Company G, Fourth Infantry was officially presumed to have died October 31 1918.

Yours respectfully,
P. C. Harris,
Adjutant General.

Anyone who knows anything of Private O'Connor, either directly or indirectly, that might clear up the mystery of his strange disappearance is urged to communicate with Mr. P. T. O'Connor, care of Stromber Motor Devices Company, 58-68 E. Twenty-fifth Street, Chicago, Ill.

RETURNING FROM EUROPE WAS UNLIKE GOING OVER

There was a striking difference between the conditions under which the Third Division sailed overseas and the conditions under which it returned.

Going over every transport was filled to its utmost capacity. Not a cranny, even on the lowest deck, that was not chucked full of baggage or soldiers. One scarcely had room to yawn in or to roll a set of dice.

But in coming back many of the ships were scarcely filled to one-third of their capacity. No one was crowded for space and there was plenty of room to move about with quite a bit of freedom.

In going across great caution had to be exercised to insure the protection of the ships. A considerable number of vessels would go together, well guarded by battleships and cruisers, and submarine chasers were always on the alert scouring the waters on all sides. A circuitous route was pursued, soldiers were always on guard in the "crow's nest" of the ship to announce anything that suggested danger, men kept their life savers always at hand, and there were strict orders against the lighting of a match or the opening of a port hole at night. At all times men were ready to man the guns and the life boats.

On the return trip, however, there was no need of this precaution. Boats did not come in groups; they struck out alone and in direct routes. Nobody carried a life saver, no soldiers watched in the "crow's nest." At night the decks were aglow with lights.

Most of the men of the Division went over in the latter part of winter or in the early part of spring. Those months are bad months on the water. Quite a bit of stormy weather was encountered. Waves would dash clear across the topmost deck, and it was quite common to be well soused by one of them. And as that was the first time to cross the water for most of the men, there was a general epidemic of seasickness, especially on the days when the ships tossed most.

The weather was much milder on the return trip, however. There were two days when the waves rolled pretty high, but the ships never tossed as much as they did on the voyage over. Many of the soldiers went through the pleasures of seasickness again, althouh there was much more Hooverizing coming back than there was on the first voyage, and the fish went hungrier then.

When the men were headed toward New York there was much more to amuse them and help them pass the time away than there had been when they were sailing in the opposite direction. Many of the ships had frequent boxing bouts on board for the entertainment of the troops. It was often so there could be vaudeville shows and movies in the evenings. And where there were "Y" girls on board there were always dances now and then. There had been books for the men when they were on their way to France, but in coming back the American Library Association was able to give them an almost unlimited supply, besides stack and stacks of magazines that were furnished. No one on the way from Brest to Hoboken had to suffer for lack of reading matter.

But without a doubt the greatest difference between the voyage over and the voyage back was to be found in the inner feelings of the men themselves. Perhaps the eagerness with which they crossed the water to France was fully as great as that with which they crossed the gangplank to sail for home. There is little doubt of this. But the two ambitions were altogether different. One was the adventurous spirit that burns at a time of great crisis. The outcome of the conflict still hung in the balance. As yet there were these illusions of the glory of war. Added to this was the uncertainty of what lay ahead.

But in coming back the ambition was that of a man well fed up on adventure, contented that he had done his bit, eager to return to a country that he had learned more how to appreciate.

UNIFORM ALLOWED TO BE WORN ON RESERVE

Reserve officers not on active duty may wear their uniforms on occasions of military ceremony and on public holidays, according to a ruling by the War Department. They may also wear their uniforms when instructing or commanding a cadet corps, in which case the proper collar insignia with the superimposed "R" should be worn. In wearing the uniform when the discharge chevron is worn the superimposed "R" is omitted.

The Waldron Books

By Major W. H. Waldron, United States Army.

Prices include postage.

SCOUTING AND PATROLLING. The fifth edition of this wonderful little book, which is just off the press, has been revised and brought up to date to include the experiences of the late war. The book has been endorsed by many of the leading officers of the Army, and has been adopted as a standard in the service. Tells you all about how the scout and patrol go about their duties. Interesting reading for any man. Price 75 cents.

ARMY PHYSICAL TRAINING. A book that systematizes the system of Physical Training in the Army. Tells just how each exercise should be executed and illustrates it. Any man that will follow the system laid down in the text of this book will be able to keep himself in prime physical condition with a few minutes a day devoted to the exercises. Makes you fit physically. Price $1.50 per copy.

TACTICAL WALKS. The best and most complete treatise on the subject of Minor Tactics that has been produced. A text book that has been accepted by the service as the authority on the subject. The problems, discussions, explanations and solutions provide a wealth of tactical information and principles that is available with a minimum of expenditure of time and effort. Price $1.50.

INFANTRY DRILL REGULATIONS (Provisional), 1919. An annotated and illustrated copy of the NEW Infantry Drill Regulations adopted by the War Department in General Orders 106 of this year. The U. S. Infantry Association Edition. Bound in good cloth. Handy pocket size. Every soldier and everyone interested in the Military Service must have this book. Price 75 cents.

These are the books that you need for your library. Get them now and have them available when you need them.

Use the Coupon Below.

THE WATCH ON THE RHINE,
Room 306 Board of Commerce Bldg.,
Little Rock, Ark.:

Inclosed please find $..... Please forward to my address the books indicated below:

..... Scouting and Patrolling.
..... Army Physical Training.
..... Tactical Walks.
..... Infantry Drill Regulations.

Address.....
.....
.....
.....

Write address plainly.

The Watch on the Rhine

Published the First and Third Saturdays of Each Month by the Society of the Third Division

306 Board of Commerce Bldg. LITTLE ROCK, ARKANSAS

Yearly Subscription $1.50
Single Copies 10c

Advertising Rates Upon Application

Application for entry as second-class matter at the post office at Little Rock, Arkansas, pending.

GENERAL PERSHING'S PRAISE.

"Your achievement, which is scarcely to be equalled in American history, must remain a source of proud satisfaction to the troops who participated in the last campaign of the war. The American people will remember it as the realization of the hitherto potential strength of the American contribution toward the cause to which they had sworn allegiance. There can be no greater reward for a soldier or for a soldier's memory." —Pershing.

THE DIVISION EMBLEM.

The three white stripes stand for the three operations in which the Third Division took part—the Marne, St. Mihiel, and the Meuse-Argonne. The blue stands for the loyalty of those who placed their lives on the altar of self-sacrifice in defense of American ideals of liberty and democracy.

EDITORIAL

YOUR PAPER.

Because of many difficulties in getting properly located, The Watch on the Rhine is making its appearance much later than planned.

This does not mean, however, that because of the two months' delay you lost two months on your subscription. If you paid for a year to begin September 1, then your period has been marked on our books to begin November 1, and will continue for a full twelve months.

Because of the prolonged delay in getting to press, many correspondence notes that were sent to us some time ago and are now stale have been omitted. Your co-operation in getting news items to us early in the week that we go to press will be heartily appreciated.

When you dig up a piece of news that you know will be of interest to present members and former members of the Third Division, let The Watch on the Rhine know about it.

DOUGHBOY PHILOSOPHY.

"Well, it's my opinion that a man's life is laid out for him. If I'm supposed to get bumped off in this war, then I believe that when my time comes I'll get it, no matter where I am."

That's what about three out of every four soldiers would tell you after they had been through their first big battle. It's the belief that most soldiers clung to all through the war.

That philosophy was often a sort of balm for nerves that might not otherwise have stood the strain so well. It was nature's way of relieving man of mental tenseness at a time when he was thrown among forces over which he seemed to have no control.

It was a philosophy, however, with which the promptings of instinct were not in accord. The fatalist was just as quick to exercise caution for the safety of himself or his comrades as the man who believed that ducking a shell at the proper moment might mean a difference of thirty years in the length of his life.

And if that philosophy had only a very indirect value then, it does not possess even that now, and it is very important that we not carry this principle with us into our civilian pursuits. If we actually lived consistent with such a creed, we would sit back and wait for a good job to come to us, saying that if it was ordained that we should have it, we would get it anyway.

It is not ordained that a man shall or that he shall not succeed. Fate seldom throws up an absolute barrier in front of a man. On the other hand, success is seldom forced upon a man by circumstances.

Today when many ex-service men are starting life at a new angle, it is important that they start on the proper foundation. Self-determination—not fatalism—is the foundation of success.

Too many factions are interested just now in sandbagging one another. They seem to have forgotten that greater wealth can come only from greater production.

The ex-service man will probably do well to keep aloof from this wrangling. Steadiness of purpose may not seem to mean very much just now. But the momentum gained from having started with the right attitude will carry him farther in the end.

Self-confidence, a clear head and perseverance will win out.

"What I set my mind to do, I can do"—that should be the creed of the ex-doughboy.

HALLOWED GROUND.

At the time of the dedication of the Third Division memorial to be erected at Chateau Thierry, the Third Division was already pulling out of the Rhineland and was well on its way toward Brest.

The dedication of this memorial, the last important event before the departure of the Division for home, was a fitting close to the exploits of the Third in Europe.

In this little Marne city where the memorial is to be the Third first met the enemy, and nearby along the river it met the last and most formidable offensive of the foe and turned the tide of the war.

Chateau Thierry and the Third Division—those two names go hand in hand.

Scarcely any words can express that relationship better than an extract from the address of Major General Robert L. Howze which he delivered at the dedication:

"This city which nestles in the picturesque valley of the Marne occupies a unique place in history and may be considered a bulwark of civilization, a shrine dear to the hearts of the men of the Third Division, to the people of France, and to our posterity.

On this place the Third Division in heroic defense received its baptism in blood and secured immortal fame. In this vicinity and along this river it earned its title, that of the 'Marne Division,' and made good the statement of its commander, Major General Joseph T. Dickman, who when asked by the commander of the French corps if he thought his troops would stand, replied: 'Nous resterons la!'"

THAT 25-YEAR-BILL.

With the return to the States of several thousand men who have spent ten, twelve or fifteen years in the military service, quite a bit of interest is taken in the proposed 25-Year Retirement Bill.

Many of these veterans are at the cross-roads of their lives. And others who have already reenlisted for a year will in a few months find that term drawing near its close. It will be a question with them whether to remain in the service or go into civil life.

These men deserve quite a bit of consideration. In the days before the war these men, whether stationed at some post in the States or guarding our island possessions, performed invaluable services.

And without their assistance after our entrance into the European conflict the maintenance of efficiency in the ranks that grew so swiftly would have been impossible. They showed the way for their millions of young comrades.

Many of these men of long service would be willing to remain until retired, if the proposed bill should become a law. But as the matter still stands, they are reluctant to remain in the service. Numbers of them have a high earning capacity in civil life. In addition to that, some are married. But if they knew that at the end of a certain number of years they could be retired from the service, many would be willing to remain.

The passage of the 25-Year Bill would not only be a consideration deserved by the veterans in the service, but the Government would also profit by bettering the military establishment.

Think twice before you leap. Study carefully the cost of matrimonial advertising. If you are keeping in mind some fraulein or mademoiselle as a prospect, remember that it costs five cents to send a letter to continental Europe. A trans-Atlantic courtship is costly; besides, it is likely to become a barrier to any matrimonial prospects you may have at home.

The gridiron and the stage are about the only places these days where one can find anything with a real healthy kick in it—and even the toe-dancers have been kicking for higher wages.

Don't forget that Government insurance! One's life isn't altogether safe when the country is as full of strikes as at present.

The mark has dropped to four cents. In other words, the pay of the American soldier on the Rhine has risen. Why, even a buck private now draws about twenty-seven marks a day. Any ex-Amaroc interested in going back?

Under cover, men! Five thousand well-to-do English girls are coming to America to kidnap husbands for themselves. They have evidently planned to get the start of the American girls by beginning a month or so before leap year has arrived.

It has just leaked out that the bare-leg fad that took such a hold on Paris last summer was all the result of an oversight on the part of one petite Mlle. Jane Renouardt, who in making a hasty departure for the races one day early in the summer forgot to put on her stockings. Accidents will happen in the best of families, you know, but O Jane, be careful!

America's purchase from Denmark of the little island of St. Thomas, so famous for its output of bay rum, is now being proclaimed by many as a very commendable investment on the part of the Government. Incidentally, many of those who praise this purchase have been making inquiry as to whether bay rum is capable of growing hair on the inside of the stomach.

The turning over of the Crown Prince's home town to the free district of Danzig leaves "the cherub" more than ever to the mercies of a merciless world.

A lot of nods and winks and I-told-you-so's have been exchanged since it became known that a bunch of forty or fifty French brides of American soldiers had become dissatisfied over here and had gone back to France. These knowing nudges seem a little premature, however, when we stop to consider that this number of failures comes from about 12,000 of these little Franco-American alliances — or that up to the present time less than one-half of one per cent have not been satisfactory. If the percentage of failures for the same length of time could be kept as low in the case of our all-American weddings, the figures would be something for sociologists to ponder over.

After getting out of uniform one finds himself saluting an officer occasionally, just the same as he used to catch himself saluting a field clerk back in his rookie days.

Green-gray suits are not very popular with discharged soldiers from overseas. If they had preferred that color of clothing, they would probably have brought back a supply of German uniforms.

It still must be very easy to obey that impulse and write "Soldier's mail" in the upper right hand corner of the envelope, as the postal authorities are complaining that the letter boxes are overflowing with unstamped letters.

It took a little nerve that day when you put on civvies for the first time after getting back, and then went stepping out among 'em, but O boy, wasn't it a grand and glorious feeling!

YOUR ADDRESS.

A subscriber to The Watch on the Rhine wishing to change his address should not fail to give his former address in full as well as the new address to which he wishes his paper sent. Otherwise it is often impossible to make the correction on the mailing list.

In giving the new address special care should be taken to write the name and number of the street, the name of the town and the name of the state so plainly that there can be no doubt as to what they are.

Some who had asked to have their papers sent to their organizations have since left the division without giving new addresses.

Incomplete information regarding addresses in the cases of a few hundred subscribers makes it at present impossible to send their papers to them.

MANY QUERIES SWAMPING MEN FROM OVERSEAS

The questions that are put to a soldier just returned from overseas cover such an extensive range that he couldn't answer them all in a ten volume account of his experiences.

He is queried on every conceivable subject that could in any possible way be connected with his life "over there," and the variety of conceptions that people have on most things that they have not experienced adds ridiculously to the variety of questions.

Here are a few of the things they want to know about:

How did the German people treat you?

You were a colonel, weren't you, or was it a corporal?

How close did you get to the front?

Did all the American soldiers fight in Chateau Thierry?

The marines did all the fighting, didn't they?

Did the band play when you marched into battle?

The poorest divisions were the ones that had to stay over there the longest weren't they?

What kind of machine gun is that that shoots those eighteen-pound cartridges?

What was the S. O. S.? That was the most dangerous work, wasn't it?

Do you use a bayonet on the little French 75 that we heard so much about?

Is a division the same as a squad of a hundred men?

A sausage balloon was a German balloon, wasn't it, and called that because the Germans are so fond of sausage?

Who is Sam Browne, anyway?

What kind of dishes do you eat out of in the army?

Where was No Man's Land located? I never could find it on the map.

I understand that your regiment was completely motorized. That was surely an awful experience, wasn't it?

Did you have very hard fighting on the Rhine? I imagine those castles were very hard to capture.

Will there ever be another war with Germany?

Flattering New York.

A transport was pulling into New York harbor.

A soldier from Arkansas, who was not alive to his surroundings, had been facing the New Jersey side for some time and had failed to notice that the ship had come up right under the skyscrapers of New York City.

When he turned around he realized that he and some of his comrades were about to miss something.

"Hey, fellows!" he shouted. "Come on over on this side. There's a town over here."

"Lion of Belfort," Symbol Applied to 3rd by France, Stands for Supreme Valor

When France in bidding the Third Division "bon voyage" homeward, presented Major General Robert L. Howze with that little token bearing the design of "The Lion of Belfort," and thereby likened the spirit of the Third to that of the garrison of Belfort in the Franco-Prussian War, she was paying the Marnemen the highest tribute with which she knew how to honor them.

Up until the time that France knew victory was hers in this war the sting of her overwhelming defeat at the hands of Prussia in 1870-71 has been fresh in her memory. Almost all her glories in that war were the glories of unavailing sacrifice. But through those dark clouds has shone one bright star of success, and that was the defense of Belfort.

With so little else in that war to be happily cherished, the memory of the stand of the Belfort garrison has become a passion with the French. Out of all the wars of France scarcely any episode has come to mean so much to the French people as the defense of this little city near the headwaters of the Rhine. And so today that colossal lion 78 feet long and 52 feet high which Frederic August Bartholdi carved on the face of the cliff at Belfort in honor of the valor of the men who defended the city has become for France the symbol of supreme courage and dauntlessness.

Belfort had been prominent in warfare in earlier days and had been well fortified, especially on her western side. But those fortifications had been built before the days of long range artillery, and so were not far enough out to keep the enemy beyond range of the city.

Early in the war when Colonel Denfert-Rochereau, who was in command of the garrison of the city, foresaw that the onrush of the Prussian armies was soon to cut off the border district of Belfort from the rest of France, he began to fortify the region to the west of Belfort, from which side the place would be attacked.

It was his plan to hold these extended fortifications as long as possible in order that the city itself might be protected from shell fire. The troops of the garrison did not number very many, but by using all available men he managed to get a force of 17,600, though a large part of them were entirely raw and inexperienced.

Finally, on November 3, 1870, the invaders made their first attack upon the fortress. It continued quite extensively for several days, but so vigorous was the defense that they soon suspended most of their manouvers.

After a brief period they had drawn up more artillery pieces and had strengthened their forces and extended their lines. They were soon hammering away again. Sometimes they would gain quite a bit of ground and capture some of the villages that were nearer Belfort. And then the defending troops would make sorties into these villages and drive the enemy back again.

This continued for some time, until epidemics of smallpox and other diseases broke out among the troops holding the fortress and began to ravage and deplete them very heavily. Then the besiegers began to gain ground. But the gain was very slow. They would gain an advantage, only to have most of it snatched away from them. Just when success seemed to be within their grasp some strategy of the French would outwit them.

But the Germans were rapidly becoming stronger in numbers and the French, due to the ravages of disease and the losses in battle, were rapidly becoming weaker. Nearly a third of the men were dead, and several thousand others were out of the fight either from wounds or from illness.

Through it all, however, the citadel of the city was never taken, although at times the garrison was almost exhausted from the long siege. Finally, on the 15th of February, a general armistice was declared between France and Germany, and although the terms of the armistice were very strict upon France, the garrison of Belfort, because of its gallantry, was allowed to march out with full military honors.

When peace negotiations were on between France and Germany it looked for a time as though France would not only lose Alsace and Lorraine, but also the district of Belfort. In the end, however, probably because she had defended herself so gallantly, Belfort was left with France, the only part of the upper Rhine territory that France held between the close of the war of 1870-71 and the close of the present war.

After this heroic defense had come to mean so much to France the famous sculptor Bartholdi cut out the huge figure of a lion on the face of that 200-foot cliff upon which the citadel stood.

Today "The Lion of Belfort" has come to be the symbol of supreme courage and dauntlessness. That the French should apply the same symbol to the defense of the Third on the Marne that has commemorated the defense of Belfort is a high tribute to the men of the Marne Division.

A Case of Losing Heart.

Two "Y" girls aboard a U. S. transport on the homeward trip were listening to a concert given by a soldier band.

Their attention was drawn to the bass horn player. He had been seasick, but he was struggling along with the music the best he could.

"I'll bet the poor fellow doesn't feel like putting his heart into his music," said the more sympathetic of the girls.

"Oh, I don't know," said the other. "If he feels as I did last night he probably expects to put his heart into his music most any minute!"

THAT THIRD STRIPE.

Quite a number of the men of the Third Division, especially those who went over with the advance section in February and March of 1918, landed back in America just three or four days too soon—too soon, that is, to round out a full 18-months stay overseas, and thus entitle them indisputably to that third service stripe. Many of them put it on anyway, and there is doubtless no one who would contest their right to wear it.

Some moving pictures produced in Germany called "William's Good Fortune and Bad Finish" have displeased the ex-kaiser, and he has hired a Berlin attorney to bring suit against the producer of the pictures. Probably he considers them unnecessary advertising, as the world has been following his little career pretty closely anyway.

FINI LA GUERRE.

Oh when we left the land of light
To sail across the sea
We drifted first to sunny France,
Then on to Germany.

We've seen the Rhine, also the wine
That's bottled up with care;
We've seen the spoons the Germans make,
Also the things they wear.

Oh the madchens and the fraulein,
With their eyes of azure blue,
They buy a hat for twenty marks
Which would cost us fifty-two.

They dress in all the colors
Of a rainbow in the morn:
They wear a suit of such a cut
It never should be worn.

They try to vamp the doughboys,
And they do it pretty well,
Especially the lassies
Who keep souvenirs to sell.

For they'd like to have the money,
And they'd like to have the name;
His wondrous generosity
Has already come to fame.

We've left there now with pleasure,
And we're off across the sea;
We've said good-bye to sunny France,
Also to Germany.

No more "Kapoot" or "Was ist los,"
And no more 'Ou la, la,"
So here's to the ships that brought us home
To our grand America.

—Revised by Sgt. C. H. Boyd, 30th Inf.

If you are not a subscriber to The Watch on the Rhine and wish to receive the paper regularly, fill out the blank below and mail to this office.

THE WATCH ON THE RHINE,
306 Board of Commerce Building,
Little Rock, Arkansas.

Gentlemen:

Enclosed find one dollar and fifty cents ($1.50), for which please enter my subscription to The Watch on the Rhine for one year, to begin with the issue of.....

Name .....

Street Address .....

City..... State.....

INSURANCE CAN BE REINSTATED AT LOWER COST

According to a new ruling of the Bureau of War Risk Insurance any person who has allowed his government insurance to lapse may reinstate at any time within 18 months from the time he was discharged by paying the premium for two months on the amount of insurance he wishes to carry.

The premium for one month is to pay for the month of grace during which the insurance was valid after the premiums was stopped. The other premium is for the month in which the insurance is reinstated. In that way one is not paying for the intervening months during which the insurance was not valid.

If one is in as good health as he was at the time that he allowed his insurance to lapse and states so in his application accompanying the application with the premium for the month of grace and one or more monthly premiums in advance, the reinstatement of his insurance will go into effect at once. If possible he should give the number of his insurance certificate. He should also state the date of his discharge from the service and the month for which a premium was last paid. The application should be mailed to the Treasury Department, Bureau of War Risk Insurance, Washington, D. C.

The director of the bureau in giving notice of the new ruling, made the following statement:

"The present decision is one of the most important to former service men that has been made in the history of the bureau.

"Many service men have been deterred from availing themselves of the former and less liberal reinstatement privileges by reason of the relatively large amount of money by accumulated overdue premiums, and that it would seem that they were paying for something that they never actually had, which, in fact, was the case.

"Under the new decision a man is relieved of the burden of overdue premiums. He has an opportunity to rehabilitate himself financially after getting out of the army, navy or marine corps, and to reinstate his insurance any time within 18 months following discharge without the burden of paying a large amount of money.

"The reason payment for the month of grace is required under the new decision is that the insured was protected by reason of his insurance continuing in force during that month, and had he died during the period of grace the policy would have been paid.

"Of course every man who has dropped his insurance should reinstate it immediately, for the reason that if he should die before reinstatement his dependents will not receive any payment.

"Don't forget that men die or become disabled in peace time as well as in war time, and that if a man waits he may not be in as good health as he was at the time of his discharge, and consequently may not be able to secure reinstatement.

"Don't put off reinstatement. Do it no."

Soldats Among Lost and Unfound Cause Worry for Frauleins

After the units of the Third Division that were first scheduled for the homeward trip began their departure from the Rhineland, so many inquiries on the part of frauleins were picked up here and there in what had been the Division area regarding American soldiers they had known, that it seemed advisable to start a matrimonial bureau for these frauleins.

On second thought, however, it was decided to call it the "Lost and Unfound Department." Here are some of their heart throbs and lamentations:

"Iss mein schatz gone nach America already? O, vy did he leaf me?"

"Can you gif me the addresses of vun Johann Jones? I belief he lifs at Philiapolis."

"He hass upon hiss head red hair, but he iss a yung mann and sehr schon. Hass he to Paris gone, where the franzosische madchens are?"

"Let meir lieber mann not go to Mexico. I do not want him killt."

"Mein Herr Wacht am Rhein: I haf a handsome soldat lost. I vill ten pfennigen pay already, venn you find him for me yet."

"Lieber Onkel Sam: Can you not start another war with Chermany so that mein schatz will come back to me?"

"He has left mein heart alles kaput. Bitte send to me another."

A week ago M. Bonar Law announced before the House of Commons that full preparations are being made for the trial of the ex-kaiser. The request to Holland for his surrender will not be made until all powers have signed the peace treaty.

WIFE'S DINNER OF CORN BILL AWAITED HIM

Hubby was coming home.

He had been overseas for a year and a half, and wifie had missed him so much.

They had been married just before he had gone away to camp, and after he was gone she had settled down to work with the determination of having a homey looking place for him to rest up in when he returned.

Now he was coming back. Wifie had rented a neat little flat and fitted it up with chairs, bed, tables, cooking stove, cupboard, curtains, settee, 'n'everything.

He would be home for dinner, and she wanted to have a sumptuous feast for him. It was to be the first meal she had ever prepared for him. She was quite anxious about it. She had never done much cooking, and she wanted to get something that she would have no trouble in preparing.

She had already purchased a variety of fruits and vegetables, but no meat. She was tired of pork and fish and ham. Doubtless he was tired of them, too. And chicken cost so much.

She went to the meat market and asked for something different. After studying a moment the man behind the counter reached up to a shelf and took down a block-shaped can.

"Here is something very good," he said, "and it requires little or no preparation." After a second he added, "And it's guaranteed, too."

She didn't ask him just what it was guaranteed to do or not to do, for she had already decided to take it. The fact that it could be so easily prepared had been the winning point. She didn't want to do a bad job of cooking with that first meal.

In due time hubby came—a big, strong, bronzed fellow who nearly squelched her in his arms. Dinner was ready, but nobody thought of dinner for a while. They just billed and cooed as if to make up for that year and a half.

Then it occurred to her that he must be hungry, and so she ushered him out to the little table already so neatly set.

She eyed the new dish critically, but with few misgivings, for to her it didn't look so bad. Perhaps it would really be a very pleasant surprise for him.

Well, it was a surprise for him. He halted in his tracks before he even reached the table. He gazed at the table. She saw that he was gazing right at the meat platter.

Strange colorings flitted across his face. In his eyes was the look as of one undergoing agonizing torture.

"Corn Bill!" he whispered in a rasping voice. He had forgotten her presence. He had forgotten everything except those long months when corn Bill had been his chief diet. In fact he had lived so completely on corn Bill that he felt that now he was nothing more than a large hunk of corn Bill himself. He was a self-respecting young man, nevertheless, though he had little respect for his kin—the kind that came in tin cans.

He probably wouldn't have come to himself inside of thirty minutes, if wifie hadn't begun to cry. He grabbed her in his arms, but it was almost too late for him to comfort her.

"He said the meat was all right," she sniffled.

"Who did?" he asked.

"The man at the market where I bought it," she replied.

He burst out into a big, hearty laugh. "Never you mind, chicken," he said comfortingly. "Don't you cry one single minute. The joke's on both of us. But just as soon as we've eaten dinner I'm going to pay that guy a little visit, and then the joke will be on him."

He dried her tears away, after which he carried the platter of corn Bill to the kitchen and put it out of sight. Then he returned and they sat down to their first meal at home together.

CHEMICAL BRANCH OPEN.

One thousand recruits are wanted by the government for the chemical warfare service as soon as possible. All recruiting officers in the United States are authorized to enlist men for this service, enlistment periods to be for one or three years.

Enlistment for this line of duty will be made in the infantry, but in case the chemical warfare service is discontinued before the enlistment period is up, those who had entered for that work will be given the option of transferring to some other branch of the service or being discharged in case they do not wish to remain in the infantry.

Men who are eligible for discharge for the purpose of reenlistment may take advantage of this offer.

TROOPS ON WAY TO SILESIA

Fifty thousand troops are to be sent to Silesia. Several thousand of them sailed from New York several days ago, and by this time are probably crossing France on their way to Coblenz, from where they will move direct to Silesia.

The mission of the troops to Silesia is to insure a free decision on the part of the inhabitants, when their time comes, as provided in the terms of the peace treaty to decide what their future shall be.

RUMORS SAVED SOLDIERS MANY DAYS OF MONOTONY

There is no place like the army for rumors.

And especially in time of war when the censorship is tight on nearly everything the army is the greatest incubator of rumors that the world knows about.

One began to hear them the first day he was in the army, when he was the rookiest of rookies. And of course he believed them then. In fact, some folks never do get through believing the reports and prophesies they hear. Indeed, a few have the remarkable faculty of inventing just the kind of rumors that fall in line with their own wishes, and then they end in believing them as gospel.

About the first rumor that most men heard after they had enlisted in the army and had been put with some regiment was: "Well, I hear that our orders to sail overseas have been received, and that we're going to pull out of this hole within three days. That's straight dope, too, for Johnny Walker got it from Tom Edwards and Tom ought to know, being that he dogrobs for the Captain."

If the regiment didn't pull out within the three days, then, of course, it was rumored that a second order had been received later canceling the first. That was really the principal trouble with rumors; an order could step in so quickly and make a mess of the whole thing.

One day there would be a dozen variety of reports that the regiment was about ready to pull out, and at the same time a few were sure that they had the straight of it and that when a move was made it would be to Cuba or to the Philippines.

And then when everyone least expected it and when the odds were five to one that the regiment would be right there in the same hole a year from the date things broke suddenly and the regiment was soon speeding eastward to the coast.

The kind of rumor that was most popular was the one that prophesied that which everyone least expected. To announce a natural and ordinary course of events didn't put one in the limelight as a prophet at all. And so when an organization set sail no one thought of predicting that it would land in France or England. The reports were always that it would land in Russia or Denmark or Greece.

Of all the persistent rumors, perhaps none sprang up more often than one that the Leviathan had been sunk. Almost every other boat that carried troops across had, sometimes during the voyage, the unquestionable report that this big transport had been torpedoed and sent to the bottom.

After the training in France began someone was always announcing that the organization was to be split up to do guard duty, or that it was to be transformed bodily into some other branch of the service. And almost every regiment was certain at some time or other that it was to go to Italy. Reports that it was to do duty in Paris for the duration of the war were also common enough.

After an outfit got into the lines the rumors began to be somewhat different. Of all the reports that were current among the troops during the war there was perhaps more talk about "that Edison gas" than any other single subject.

"It'll eat up their guns and it'll eat right through their gas masks and helmets," the doughboys would say. "And wherever the gas is used the land can't be tilled for seven years or more."

It was even reported many times that certain quantities of these gas shells were on hand and that the artillery was to begin firing them over at a certain hour.

The doughboy's credulity about the powerful gas, however, was not altogether unwarranted, as it has been made public since the war that a powerful destructive was being manufactured near Cleveland, Ohio, and that large quantities of it were to have been ready for use early in the spring of 1919.

The stories of the German women machine gunners and aviators never grew stale. Some aviatrix had swooped down and turned a machine gun loose on a group of men, or in charging some machine gun nests Americans had found women at the guns. Of course, that gave rise to the speculation that nearly all the men in Germany had been killed off and that half of the army was made up of women.

That the German officers chained their machine gunners to the guns was a very common statement, but this may not have been so purely an invention of the brain, as it doubtless arose from the fact that one kind of German machine gun had a piece of chain attached to it which was used in carrying the gun.

There was probably never a body of men, either that stayed in the States or that went overseas, which did not at some time or other, according to report, have a spy among them. On the front there would be stories of communications mysteriously severed or written messages mysteriously tampered with. There was always a strange light somewhere that kept flashing at intervals during the night. Someone would find a lot of mysterious wires running into a strange place. Or someone would declare that when everything else was quiet a certain battery fired its shots according to some code and was signaling to the enemy.

If a person had believed all those tales that he heard, he would have become as superstitious as the proverbial mariner.

Someone always claimed that he had inside information regarding the place where the next drive would be pulled off. And sometimes these rumors for some strange reason hit the mark.

The third week in August, 1918, it became reported among American soldiers even in the areas farthest back that the American troops were about to attack the St. Mihiel salient. The rumor even went so far as to set the day as September 12. In due time all of this worked out just as rumored.

After the armistice was signed and the principal divisions hiked up to the Rhine, it became common to speculate how long the American troops would have to stay in Germany. As time wore on, some became convinced that they were stuck for two years, three years, or probably five years. Many who did not get reports to that effect did, however, got reports to the effect that America was going to declare war on Japan and Mexico, which would mean a few more years in the army.

But when the news came for the homeward trip, most of the joy-killers took down their crepe and joined the optimists. From that time on the rumor a la mode was one of good cheer.

PAMPHLET URGES MORE THAN MERE CHEERING

"Glory Galore, But No Job" is the name of a small pamphlet issued by the Advertising Club of St. Louis in its attempt to pry open a fair opportunity for the returned soldier. The plea that is printed in the pamphlet is as follows:

"The returned soldier presents an important local and national problem.

"We lauded him when he left and worshipped him while in France. We are giving him a generous welcome home, but later we neglect him to the point that after returning to civil life many of these men are homeless and unemployed. These men coming back are different than when they enlisted, and outdoor living, hard and regular physical training and the months of danger and daring at the front have wrought a complete change in their viewpoint.

"Many of them want employment entirely different from what they left. We must be patient with this attitude, but we must also give practical attention on a big scale to this situation.

"We don't want the feeling that we are ungrateful to take root in these men on their return to the country whose flag they risked their lives to protect.

"Giving a welcome, but no job is a poor homecoming. These men can't live without jobs, because they have earned small pay in the service and many of them are without means to sustain themselves and their families.

"If we fail in giving these men jobs we miss a great opportunity to give them the real welcome they need. If we fail we may create a bread line of returned soldiers—a spectacle unthinkable."

SYSTEM OF BUYING RATIONS TO CHANGE

On December 1 organization commanders will go back to the old system of purchasing rations for their outfits, except the staples that are purchased by regulation from the supply officer.

The War Department in announcing the change explains that under the present system it has often been difficult to obtain rations in sufficient quantities to supply large bodies of troops, while under the old plan which is being adopted again the smaller units were able to keep themselves well supplied with fresh vegetables, fresh meats, butter, eggs and milk by purchasing from small dealers.

While in the field this was not feasible, of course. But now that the country has returned to a peace basis, the old method is being taken up again.

To keep up with the rising cost of living the daily ration allowance of a soldier has risen from approximately 25 cents in 1916 to double that amount.

SUBMARINE AT BREST.

When various ones of the transports that were to carry the Third Division home were anchored in Brest and loaded with troops ready to sail the men on board had a good chance to observe the manouverings of a submarine.

The craft split the water back and forth across the bay, now and then submerging itself for a short distance, and making sharp turns at considerable speed.

This was not the first time that many of the observers had seen a submarine, but the circumstances under which most of them had seen one before carried more of apprehension and less of pleasure with them.

MARKINGS WILL RELATE HISTORY OF ORGANIZATION

Devices representing wars, important campaigns or particular feats in which an organization took part are to be placed on colors and standards according to authorization from the War Department. These various devices are to be placed above the coat of arms and in the four corners.

It is intended that the devices chosen have some real significance. Among other things a motto is permissible. Searching within this latitude it is not likely that the Third Division should overlook General Dickman's words, "Nous resterons la," made to the French general who foresaw something of what the Third would have to face on the Marne.

The following devices to designate various wars have been proposed, but nothing has been definitely decided yet: Mexican war, a cactus; Spanish war, a castle; Philippine war, a palm tree; world war, a laurel wreath.

REMARKABLE MAP USED BY PERSHING TO BE PRESERVED

The map of the western front which General Pershing had in his headquarters at Chaumont has been placed in the National Museum at Washington.

During the fighting this map was used to indicate the positions of divisions and of the more important headquarters. Positions were shown by tacks or pins to which were attached labeled tags.

Not only were the locations of all American divisions shown, the position of every division of the Allies was indicated, and still more remarkable, that of every enemy division was shown. No movements were made by the enemy, even behind their lines, that were not soon indicated on General Pershing's map.

In addition to showing the location of a division, a tag always indicated whether a division was fresh or tired. Such information as this was regularly obtained regarding enemy troops as well as those of the Allies, and was of great value in the planning of an attack, a defense or a maneuver.

The map has been left just as it was when the armistice went into effect, showing the situation in detail at the time Germany capitulated.

Beaucoup Baggage Waits At Hoboken for Claims

If you lost a piece of baggage while "touring" Europe on foot or in trucks or in "40 hommes—8 chevaux" coaches, you may possibly be able to recover it by applying to "Lost Baggage Branch, Pier No. 2, Hoboken, N. J.," with a description of the missing property that will identify it.

There have accumulated at these docks from overseas a total of 110,000 barrack bags, 20,000 trunk lockers, 15,000 bed rolls, and 5,000 suitcases—a total of 150,000 pieces. Possibly yours is among the bunch.

A card index listing descriptions of all pieces of baggage on hand makes it easy to handle all inquiries rapidly. If they are able to locate your property by your description and you have given them instructions as to where it should be sent it will be forwarded to you immediately at government expense.

"I Should Worry."

George Ade says two Chicago business men whose business had been hit hard by the war were weeping into their cocktails over their troubles, when one of them asserted he really did not worry despite all his troubles—that he had hired a man at $5,000 a year to do his worrying for him.

"But," his friend asked, "how, if you are so hard hit, can you pay him the $5,000?"

'I can't," was the reply. "That's the first thing he has got to worry about."—Associated Advertising.

YANK FORGETS NEW YORK IS NOT COLOGNE

It takes a long time for some things to soak into the man fresh from overseas.

That Wine, Beer & Co. are going out of business doesn't soak in at all. It's hard to realize that that firm has gone bankrupt in most places in this country. Its sister concerns in France and Germany were doing such a flourishing business, and it's been so easy to step into a cafe over there and order "de vin blanc," or "ein glas bier."

A doughboy, who had just landed at Hoboken a day or so before after spending a year and a half in the A. E. F. was in New York on leave. The weather was rather warm and he raised somewhat of a thirst after he had walked about for an hour or so.

"Wonder where there's a cafe handy," he said to himself. He had forgotten the once familiar term of "saloon."

He spied a "joint" nearby that had about the right appearance from the outside. He went in.

"Ein glas wein, bitte," he ordered without hesitation, as he planted one foot upon the brass railing.

"Eh?" inquired an old gent who was opening a bottle of pop for some customer. "Guess you'll have to say that again."

The face of the man in uniform reddened a little with embarrassment. "O, I forgot. I thought I was still in Germany. I meant I want a glass of wine."

"Can't do it, young man," the old gent replied as he served another bottle of pop.

For several seconds the face of the doughboy was a cloud of perplexity. Then he seemed to understand.

"O, I see," he said. "Guess I'll take a ginger ale then."

"Gee, I forgot about that," he mused to himself after he had gone out. "I forgot that they weren't allowed to sell to anybody in uniform. I remember now that we couldn't go in and buy it before we went across."

It didn't occur to him until the next day that it wasn't his uniform that hindered him from getting a drink. He remembered then that the States were supposed to be dry after the 1st of July, and that if he had had on civilian clothes he wouldn't have been any more successful.

And Still They Have Some Guesses Coming

The term O. D. has become a very common one with the soldier or the ex-soldier, but to those who have never been in the service the term is often an unintelligible one.

Those who do not know the meaning of these two letters and are either too bashful or too "wise" to ask, frequently conjecture upon the meaning of the expression, and here are some of the possibilities they fall into:

One dollar; on duty; out of doors; oyster dinner; out of date; order the drinks; Omars and Durham; our division, omnipotent deity; overly drunk; on with the dance; object of drilling; only a dud; over in Deutschland.

DESIRES INFORMATION.

Can any reader of "The Watch On the Rhine" furnish the information requested in the following letter?

Editor The Watch on the Rhine:

I am desirous of obtaining information relative to the death of a certain person named Loepka, who died in Evacuation Hospital 111, and was a member of Company L, 109th Infantry.

I would also like to know, if possible, the name of the captain in command of that unit at the time of his death.

This information will be deeply appreciated by his mother.

Sincerely,
R. E. Brennan,
Wheatland, Iowa.

OFFICERS GIVE DANCE.

On Monday evening, November 10, the officers of the Third Division are going to give a dance and reception in Little Rock at the Hotel Marion. The best of music and entertainment has already been arranged for.

Official Emblems of the Society of the Third Division.

This office has a limited number of emblems of the Society of the Third Division for distribution to members at cost price. We will mail one of these to any address, postpaid, for 75c. The supply is limited and a reproduction of the present button will cost almost double the present price, for they are a part of the large order placed while in Germany.

Address all orders to

THE WATCH ON THE RHINE, Little Rock, Ark.

"Biggest Defeat of War," German Officer Declares of Second Battle of Marne

"The biggest defeat of the war" is what a German officer, who participated in the second battle of the Marne, said of the repulse of the three German divisions that attempted to cross the Marne in July, 1918, against the resistance of the one American division—the Third—which had planted itself on the south bank of the stream.

This officer, whose story appears in the Chicago Sunday Tribune of September 14 under the title "The Marne Drama," was a member of the 36th Infantry Division which attacked the region of Jaulgonne bend. To the west of this division was the 10th Infantry Division and adjoining was the 10th Landwehr Division, which faced Chateau Thierry. This German officer describes the prelude to the great battle as follows:

"Between us was the Marne, a fast, deep river between 60 and 80 meters wide near Chateau Thierry. The hills on each side are covered with forests, orchards and vineyards. Standing with my commander on the hills of Chateau Thierry that morning, we saw indeed a paradise before us. The sun was laughing. A fresh wind blew through the valley. No war here—peace! There was nothing to be seen of the enemy, but now and then a rifle shot as someone exposed himself carelessly.

"Then, during the first days of July, men returning from leave told us as we were resting at Fere-en-Tardenois, that on July 15 we should cross the Marne. And so for days we practiced the attack. And on July 12 we learned details of the operations.

"On July 15 at 1:10 a. m. the artillery begins firing. At 3:40 the barrage will advance 300 meters. Then the infantry crosses and at 4:50 a. m. it attacks behind the barrage.."

Then the writer describes the bringing up of troops by night and the amassing of them in the patches of forest. They were in such great numbers that they scarcely had room to move about.

By the night of the 14th they had everything in readiness. They had it assured to a mathematical certainty that they were going to cross the Marne. Rheims was to fall and they were to widen their salient and push on to the south.

But there was something ominous in the stillness that preceded the time set for the attack, and the instinct of the infantry sensed something that filled them with dread.

The German officer describes the few hours preceding the time set for the attack as follows:

"On July 14, shortly after dusk, the infantry was conducted to its stations. They were between 600 and 800 meters from the Marne on the slope toward the river bed, facing the enemy in the middle of the forest. There were no trenches or dugouts, only signboards, and they couldn't be seen at night. And such a dark night I never saw before in my life. In the woods a man couldn't see his hand before his face. The ground was smooth and slippery. We constantly ran into trees. The air was filled with gas and strange sounds as the enemy sent over a few heavy shells.

"This lasted for hours and hours. The infantry was late because the march in the darkness took much longer than had been estimated by daylight. The strain on the men was enormous. And when at last they arrived the reports were not pleasing. There already had been some losses. The exhaustion was extreme, some of them were sick and a number had strayed."

Then when they are almost ready to attack artillery cuts loose. At first they think that their own has made a mistake and is firing a few minutes too soon. But they are not long in learning that it is the American artillery and that their enemy has beat them to it and has surprised them instead.

This is the picture of the Jaulgonne forest shortly after the fight had begun, as drawn by the writer of the article:

"The concentrated fire of the enemy artillery pours in. Not a spot escapes. Over here the steady shelling of a heavy battery! In the depths of the forest the explosions are terrific, unnerving. Over there a clearing is ripped and torn up every five minutes by a light battery and almost immediately becomes a vast crater field. And the narrow lane at the right is covered with heavy shrapnel bursts."

The German officer describes their attacks, the many futile efforts before they succeed in getting pontoon bridges constructed across the river, the crossing of the stream and then the supreme effort to break the line of the enemy on the south bank, resulting in fearful loss of life and utter failure to carry out their plans.

The writer depicts the beginning of the wane of German military supremacy as follows:

"The men run headlong, searching for cover. And then that howling, moaning shell—so hollow sounding! Gas masks on! A minute ago we could scarcely see. Now we can see nothing. Clammy despair seized many men. They felt helpless. The wounded are shrieking. In a hoarse voice the company commander finally shouts an order:

"'Fall in! Has every man a rifle?'

"Now forward through the narrow lane into which steel is pouring, but it is the only path down to the river. Down a short distance stand the pioneers. Their leader is helpless. He has only a few men left and the infantry lends a hand to carry the pontoons to the river.

"A new volley! Every one is running away! Several dead and a wrecked machine gun lie beside the pontoons. But there are other pontoons below! Let's get forward! Anywhere away from here!

"The crossing continues at fair speed. We look at our watches. Great heavens, the barrage has already advanced! Fall in! And the companies get new objectives, entirely different from those planned. The railroad is crossed, Varennes station is taken after a short fight, the Moulins-Varennes road is passed, we are 1,000 meters south of the Marne and start up south slope of the valley.

"From the right there is sharp firing. In the morning fog we see advancing troops—Americans! Every little ways they halt, stand and fire. Our men run back. The situation is bad. Where are the grenadiers? Their attack must have been stopped. Doesn't the artillery see what's going on? It is still putting down the barrage according to the original orders and it continues to do so until 11 o'clock. Then it is free for other work, but probably it will accomplish nothing, observation is so difficult. Low fog veils the picture, the corn is high, patches of woods and orchards mask movements.

"The leaders of the two battalions see it will be dangerous to wait. Everything at hand in the way of a weapon is turned on that enemy at the right. It must be admitted he is not afraid of death. Only when the machine gun fire and the desperate shooting of the infantry reaps a bloody harvest in his ranks does he stop and retreat. In our lines there is a sign of relief, but everybody knows the truth: Our attack has failed. What we must do is try, with our inferior forces, to hold the position we have won.

"The railroad embankment seems suitable for defense. It offers protection, but, on the other hand, it is a good target for the artillery. Therefore, the more advanced units are pulled back, with the open right flank strongly protected. At 11 o'clock we established contact with our forces on the left, but on our right the Sixth Grenadiers, who crossed the river early, have encountered a stronger enemy force and have been annihilated. A large part of the regiment is led away as prisoners down the Surmelin valley, through which we were supposed to attack.

"One of our companies, which by a miracle pierced the enemy's lines, thinks those troops are German forces advancing and goes forward almost among them. Up above enemy batteries are firing unceasingly and down below the American infantry columns are marching. Then the German company is detected and is caught in a difficult position. But it fights bravely and during the night its commander and a few men make their way back to our lines. That was a bright spot for the day, but it was the onyl one during the operations.

"On the afternoon of July 15 we improved our line a bit as the enemy withdrew slightly along the Marne, fearing, apparently, a double flank attack. But that didn't change the general result of the day; it didn't affect the biggest defeat of the war!

"You understood it after one glimpse of the north slope of the Marne valley. Never have I seen so many dead; never such terrible pictures of a battle. The Americans on the other bank shot two of our companies to pieces. Lying hidden in a cornfield, they let our men approach to within between 20 and 50 paces and then shot them down. This enemy had courage, it had to be admitted, but he also displayed savagry.

"'The Americans slaughter every one!' was the cry of terror of July, which for a long time had its effect on our men.

"At home they were laughing at the inadequate training of the enemy, at the American 'bluff,' and at other things. That we lost more than 60 per cent dead and wounded of the men who went into battle on July 15 was due mostly to him."

FAMOUS SINGERS GIVE OPERAS AT CAMP

"Aida" was presented by the Chicago Grand Opera Company last night in the Liberty Theater at Camp Pike. Among the cast of singers appear such inimitable artists as Rosa Raisa and Alessandro Dolci.

"Madame Butterfly," in which Tamaki Miura takes the leading part, will be given by the company on Monday night at the same place.

A chorus of sixty voices, an orchestra of sixty pieces, and a ballet all help to make these performances unusual entertainment that has come within easy reach of the troops at Camp Pike.

GENERAL HOWZE LEAVES THIRD UPON ARRIVAL

Has Scarcely Landed Before He Is Placed in Command of the El Paso District.

Major-General Robert Lee Howze, immediately upon his return to the United States with the Third Division the latter part of August, was relieved of his command of that division, and was placed in command of the El Paso District.

The career of General Howze has been a long one. In 1883 he entered West Point. Upon graduation he joined the Sixth Cavalry, a regiment famous for its campaigns among the Indians. From then until 1890 he served in the Apache and Navajo country, after which he went into the Sioux country, where on January 1, 1891, after the "Wounded Knee" fight, his troops of the Sixth Cavalry stopped the Sioux stampede. For the splendid character of his work in that campaign he was awarded the Congressional Medal of Honor, given only for extraordinary bravery.

After remaining in the Sioux country for nearly four years he went with part of the Sixth Cavalry to Chicago and there took part in ending the Pullman Company strikes of 1894. After this service he was assigned to duty at Fort Leavenworth and not long afterward he was sent to West Point as instructor of cadets in the tactical department.

In 1896 he was made adjutant of his regiment and held that position until the Spanish-American war. He was then made captain and assistant adjutant general and sent to Cuba as adjutant general of the First Cavalry Brigade. For his services at Santiago Captain Howze was recommended for the rank of lieutenant colonel of volunteers and for brevete rank to include brigadier general.

The conclusion of the Cuban campaign found Captain Howze again on duty at West Point, this time as senior instructor in riding. In July, 1899, when President McKinley organized the U. S. volunteers for Philippine service Captain Howze, after being appointed lieutenant colonel of volunteers, organized the Thirty-fourth Volunteers.

In the Philippines Lieutenant Colonel Howze performed the unique service of leading first the columns of General Lawton and then those of General Young into Northern Luzon and rescuing Lieutenant Commander Gillmore of the U. S. navy and 27 other Americans. Gillmore and his men had been taken into the mountains of the Cordillera del Norte, where the Filipinos thought it impossible for American troops to reach.

The commanding general characterized this expedition as the most remarkable achievement performed by any body of troops in the Philippines. As a result Lieutenant Colonel Howze was made brigadier general of volunteers in 1901.

Another noteworthy accomplishment during his stay in Luzon was the rescue of 3,500 Spaniards held prisoners by the Filipino insurgents. For his extraordinary work in the islands he was again recommended for the Medal of Honor.

In 1901, after the volunteers had been mustered out, General Howze was assigned to the command of a battalion in Porto Rico, where he remained for three years.

In 1905 he was appointed commandant of cadets at West Point for a period of four years. At the conclusion of this service he was again sent to Porto Rico, this time to the command of the Porto Rico regiment and of the district of Porto Rico.

MAJ.-GEN. ROBERT L. HOWZE.

His next active service was in Colorado during the coal miners' strike in 1914. Duty at the Army War College at Washington followed this, until March 13, 1916, when General Howze was sent to Mexico with General Pershing. There he led a picked squadron of the Eleventh Cavalry in the chase after Villa and penetrated to the northern edge of Durango, the point farthest south reached by American troops.

On the Cinco de Mayo, the fifth day of May, which is the Mexican holiday, with half the Eleventh Cavalry he surprised and attacked a large band of the Villistas at the ranch Ojo Azules, killing, wounding or capturing nearly the entire band.

Another important exploit during the Mexican expedition was his penetration into the Parral in order to carry aid to Major Thompson and his men, who were in serious need of assistance.

His next duty was on the general staff as chief of staff, Tenth Division, an then as chief of staff, Northern Department. He was made brigadier general on December 8, 1917, and ordered to the Mexican border to command the Second Regular Cavalry Brigade. He succeeded Maj. Gen. George W. Reed to the command of the El Paso district.

The next appointment of General Howze was to the command of the Thirty-eighth Division, after which he was sent to France. He was then assigned to duty with the Seventy-eighth Division for observation and was present in the action terminating in the capture of Grand Pre, Belle Joy Farm and the Bois de Loges.

General Howze was assigned to the Third Division November 18, 1918, and was in command during the 200-mile march to the Rhine, during the eight months that the Division was stationed in the Rhineland, and during the movement of the Division back to the United States.

No division has ever revered its commanding general more than the Third Division revered General Howze. He was one of those commanders who like to associate with their men. He believed that good fellowship made good soldiers, and that good soldiers were good fellows.

General Howze in the execution of his new duties has only the best wishes of those who knew him.

EAGLE BEATS EXPRESS TRAIN.

An express train was beaten by 12 minutes by an eagle which raced it over a distance of 18 miles. The train was racing at a speed of more than 60 miles an hour, according to the members of the crew.

BREAKING UP PUT END TO MONTHS OF COMRADESHIP

In spite of the joy of getting back to America and the prospect of an early return to their homes, men who landed at Camp Merritt from overseas felt several tinges of sorrow while they were at that place.

That was where one realized that the companionships he had formed while he was in the army were about to be broken. That was where he began to say good-bye to many of the best pals he had ever had or ever will have. Men who had stuck together through thick and thin—through the kind of experiences that mold the most lasting of friendships—were about to be scattered over all parts of the country.

With the National Guard and the National Army divisions the case was not quite the same. Large groups of these men belonged to some particular section of the country. When they were discharged they were not broken up entirely, because their homes are close enough together that they frequently see each other. Little get-together parties can happen sometimes almost impromptu, and they can talk over old times to their heart's content.

But with those who were in the Regular divisions it is different. Not a single one of a person's dozen or so best pals may lives as near to him as three hundred miles. Only in a few instances will an ex-regular be thrown in frequently with those who were his best comrades on the battlefields of France.

And so for the regiment of Regulars that through its many campaigns had come into a sort of feeling of unity, the breaking up at Camp Merritt was a case of very painful vivisection. One small group would be sent to a camp in one direction, another group to another camp, and another group to another.

And from those camps would be a new dispersion when the men started in their respective directions, homeward; and so finally each separated from nearly all of his comrades, saddened a little in knowing that he would thence forward be unable to maintain association with many of them.

ATHLETIC DIRECTOR OF A. E. F. CHAMPIONS ON TOUR WITH STARS

George Zahn of Chester, Pa., who was an athletic director in France during the war and who had charge of the champion A. E. F. basketball team, has surrounded himself with an all-star aggregation of basketball players and will tour the United States, meeting all comers. His team, which won the A. E. F. title, was picked from over 600 teams in France and Germany. The lineup included Marty Friedman, Dave Kerr, Bill Ellers and Tony Pasquarillo. The other members of the combination are Barney Sedras and Andy Lulis.

DON'T CROWD, MEN!

The ban on fraternizing has been lifted in the Rhineland.

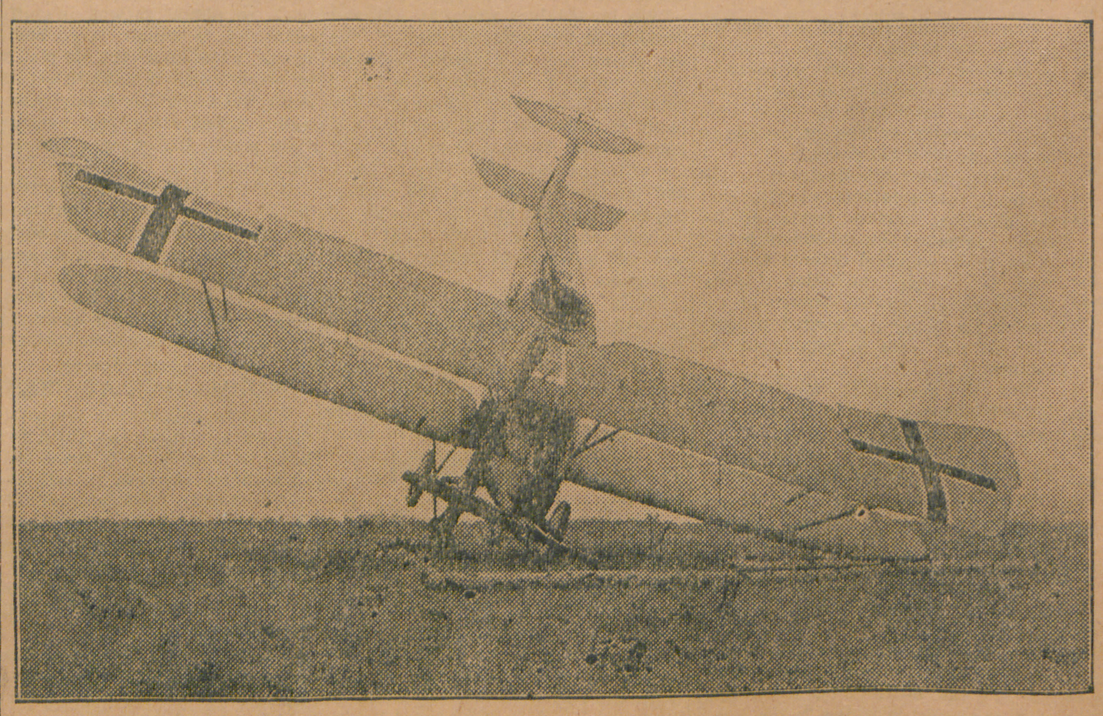
American soldiers do not have to keep out of sight of colonels and M. P.s in order to talk to a German civilian.

In other words, Amerikanische soldaten may go spazieren, promenading, or whatever you wish to call it, with Deutsch frauleins right out under the blue sky, and there's no one to stop them.

Probably Gretchen or Anna is wishing more than ever now that you were still there.

The government is taking men, you know, for service on the Rhine.

Want to re-enlist?



German Plane Brought Down Near Montfaucon.

CAP and BELLS

A NEW REMEDY.

"Oh, dear, we have had such trouble with our son Archibald," exclaimed Mrs. Hi-uppe at the bridge party. "We had to take him out of college because he overstudied."

"And where is he now, Mrs. Hi-uppe?" asked Mrs. Heepsadough, sweetly.

"We've started him on the stage, so he could get his health back by understudying."

The Query Department.

Dear Star—Can you tell me what kind of wood these here xylophones that the vaudeville fellers play are made of?—Lumberman.

Answer—Nope, but they make such dandy harmony if they are well beaten that we suppose they make 'em out of chord wood.

Labor-Saving Device.

"A motion picture snowstorm is a great improvement over the old-fashioned shower of white paper," remarked the man about town.

"Yes, indeed," said the leading lady. "It saves my maid the trouble of picking scraps of paper out of my coiffure before I change from rags and tatters to an evening gown for the next act."

Asserting Himself.

"What good does it do you to shake your fist at a reckless motorist after he has nearly run you down? He's speeding on his way and doesn't see you."

"That's true," replied the pedestrian, "but I can at least show curious onlookers that I am a man of some spirit."

One Way to Achieve Success.

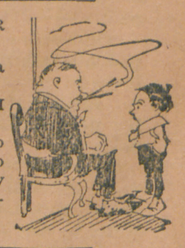
"How went the bazaar?"

"A great success in one way."

"Yes?"

"The ladies got so disgusted with the poor business done that they went straight home and touched their husbands for the amount they wanted to raise."—London Answers.

OH, ANSWER THE CHILD!



Pa, was Job a doctor?

Not that I know of.

Then why do people have so much to say about the patients of Job?

Splendid Confusion.

Ideals vast and glorious dreams
Of thought now take command,
And yet the more I read it seems
The less I understand!

Just So.

"I want an actress for vaudeville."

"All right."

"For a skit."

"Very good."

"Not a heavy, ponderous woman—"

"I know. For a skit—something skittish."

Calming Him Down.

Mr. Blinks—Here's a $50 milliner's bill I've just paid; another case of a fool and his money soon parted.

Mrs. Blinks—I know, dear, but just think how fortunate it is that you are one of those who have money.

Marriage an Eye Opener.

Wife (complainingly)—You used to say before we were married that I was a dream.

Hub—You were. A dream is something that one wakes up from and discovers that it wasn't so.

Just a Toy.

"What did your wife say, if anything, when she struck you?"

"She said, 'Woman is a plaything, just a toy.' And then she slapped me over, judge."

Reason Enough.

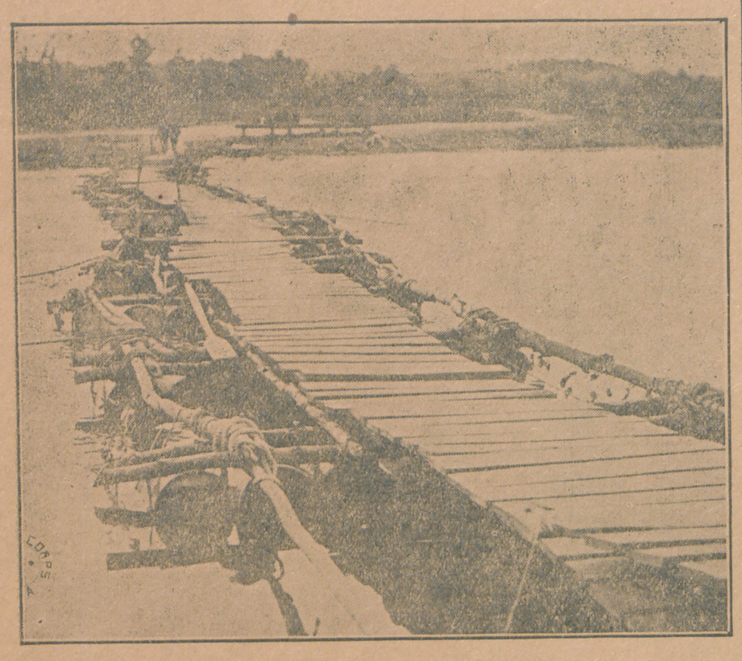
Gotrox—What! Marry my daughter! Why, you must be destitute of reason!"

Jack Poore—I admit I am destitute, but that very fact is my reason.

At a medical examination a young aspirant was asked, "When does mortification ensue?"

"When you propose and are rejected," was the answer that greeted the amazed examiner.

"I have no reason to doubt it," replied his friend as they entered a cigar store prepared to pay a nickel more than they did the last time. "A dollar went farther in those days than it does now."



Bridging the Somme.

SIXTH ENGINEERS AMONG FIRST YANKS TO MEET HUN

Engineers' Own Story of How They Fought With the British on the Somme During the Enemy's Early Drive of 1918.

When the first cold snap of spring, 1918, broke on war-stricken Europe, and before the year had seen any carnage, a small detachment of Yank engineers introduced themselves to our British comrades on the Somme, and behind the famous Cambrai- St. Quentin defense, started their first important operations of the war.

Little significance is given to the never ceasing and ever strenuous work this battalion of the Sixth U. S. Engineers did in the region of Peronne. Early in February, scattered from Doingt to Roisel, this handful of American engineers set to work on what a little over a month later proved one of the biggest functions in the great Somme defensive. Laboring day and night with never tiring energy, they had constructed about 30 heavy steel bridges over the Somme river and the Canal-du-Nord. During this period the long train of British transportation steadily poured to and from the lines, going up loaded with shells and rations, coming back light. Once in a while an occasional ambulance loaded with wounded Tommies reminded the boys that there actually was war close at hand. The distant rumble of artillery and the nocturnal air raids did not signify much to these green Yanks, who had little realization of the dreadful menace of actual warfare at the time.

March came around with its rain and thaw, and the tense expectations of the spring drive was the main topic of the day. Were we to take the offensive or the defensive? No one knew, but extreme confidence was the picture shown on the face of every Briton. "Let Jerry try to come through," they would remark. "Our artillery is hub to hub and machine guns between the spokes. The Germans couldn't penetrate that wonderful defense with a concentrated attack with every available Hun, gun and tank on the other side of the Hindenburg line." Their calm confidence and happy spirit meant a lot to the Yanks, and the burden of the work appeared so much lighter to them, knowing that every span across these streams meant so much more for the cause. Realizing to what extent and importance the rapid completion of these bridges were put, the Sixth Engineers surprised the veteran British with the wonderful results accomplished. They had overcome the big question of the Somme valley and swamp lands. They had formed a nucleus between the front line and all rear areas. No longer was there any delay or road blockades along the swampy route from Amiens to St. Quentin, for lorries, guns, heavy and light, and tanks poured across these bridges day and night and everything indicated action on a big scale before long.

At St. Christ a few platoons were busily engaged in completing a heavy span across the canal. At Brie several more platoons worked incessantly bridging the river and the canal. At Feuillieres the construction of several important bridges was under way and in at least five other important junctions the rest of the battalion was feverishly engaged, when on the morning of March 21 at 4 a. m. the great battle was begun. The Boche had launched the initial drive of 1918. on the Somme. For two days and nights the fierce artillery duels continued without even the irregularity of staccato rapidity. During these hours of carnage and devastation the Yankee engineers worked on. The flow of Britain's wounded started back, followed by thousands of troops, lorries and cavalry. The German barrage was beyond comparison with anything previous in the annals of history. The brave British artillerymen stuck persistently to their guns, wave after wave of advancing Boche failing before the direct fire from them, and finally the Tommies fell alongside their red hot guns and the German advance was on. The material importance of these bridges loomed up stronger now than ever. The German advance was rapid after the first few days and the endless chain of troops and transportation passed over these streams without a mishap or moment's delay. The Boche were drawing close to Peronne and no longer was this area out of range of the enemy's guns. After the constant work in throwing these bridges across it soon became the duty of the engineers to destroy them before the Germans could reach this point and after the English retirement was complete. One bridge of a very heavy type, built to take tanks, had to be completed before daybreak of March 23. This bridge was at St. Christ and a line of transportation waited on the opposite bank. Laboring under the darkness of night the Sixth Engineers completed the span and the transportation crashed across nature's obstacle, safe from the hands of the Hun. Just one hour later this same bridge was blown to pieces by the same hands that labored so willing to complete it.

The same morning the Sixth Engineers were forced to retire in the wake of the British. At Chaulnes they stopped long enough to completely wreck the large engineer dump there. Millions of dollars went up in smoke that same day and when the demolition work had been completed the Boche artillery was dumping some heavy stuff in the region of Chaulnes. Without rest or sleep, without food or water, the Yankee engineers proceeded to Moreuil, where they rested a few hours after a long and strenuous hike. The following day they paraded through the streets of Moreuil and the French natives there gazed with confidence and favor on the first Yanks they had seen. The following day they moved to Demuin, where they began reconstruction of an old line of trenches which they were told they were to hold against the enemy. They were to play a part in the fierce battle—the part of a soldier, the fighting kind—and they were pleased. In the meantime the Boche were dashing madly on toward Amiens and the coast. On the morning of March 27 orders came for the engineers to drop their picks and shovels and roll their packs. They piled into lorries and with a British Enfield on one shoulder and an American Springfield on the other, passed through Villers Bretonneux midst shouting and cheers from the Tommies along the way. About 600 yards outside of Warfusee-Abancourt, on the main road, they pitched in and completed some half finished trenches and there made their stand. Dusk hung over the Champs-de-Battaile and beyond the horizon the Boche were preparing to complete their advance. That same night a patrol was sent out into No Man's Land, where it had been reported there were some Boche. The following morning brought evidence that there were Boche and not a few of them, for they had occupied Warfusee-Abancourt during the night. Perhaps they decided to rest there a few days, but at any rate, they did not try to make any further advance until on Easter Saturday, March 30, when they put over one of the most terrible concentrated bombardments on the front and rear and tried to continue their triumphant march to Amiens. Perhaps it was due to the ignorance of actual fire, perhaps just because they were Yanks, but when the barrage lifted and the Boche started across they met with some resistance in the form of Yankee lead. After several more bloody showers of Boche artillery the Yanks still held the little sector running from the Boise-de-Taillow to the main road to Amiens. On April 3, sick, tired and hungry, the Sixth Engineers were relieved from the lines, confident as they turned their backs to their little battlefield, that the gap was closed and Amiens would never be occupied by the Boche.

Several days later at Abbeville the first Americans to meet the Boche on the Somme were re-equipped and once again locked human. Without any rest to speak of they were hauled once again back to a small town between Amiens and the lines where they were functioned as they did before the drive, building heavy type bridges across the canal at Glisy. For three weeks they labored cheerfully there, throwing some semi-permanent bridges across the stream. The strain began to tell on them and they were finally brought back to a small village named Coronfios, where they once again enjoyed rest and quietude. There they stayed for 10 days.

During this time the Germans, realizing their failure on the Somme, started tearing things up in general at different points along the Western front. The Sixth Engineers went to Hangest-sur-Somme and Belloy-sur-Somme, where they built their largest bridges on the Somme. The work was done in record time and the British authorities did all in their power to attach the Yankee engineers to the British army indefinitely, but their division was holding the pivot on the Marne, and the Yanks on the Somme longed for their own, and when early in June the word was received that the Sixth Engineers was to join the Third Division on the Marne joy was unbounded, and with patient expectations the Figthing Sixth left the British front to join their own division, the Marne Division.

EXPOSURE IN ARGONNE FINALLY BRINGS DEATH

Private John E. Ingoldsby, formerly of Company B. Fifth Field Battalion, Signal Corps, died at the home of his parents, Mr. and Mrs. James H. Ingoldsby, Councils Bluffs, Iowa, on August 5 from tuberculosis contracted in the battle of the Argonne.

Ingoldsby enlisted May 1, 1917, and was with the Fifth Field Battalion from that time until two weeks after the Third Division reached Andernach. The march into Germany was too much for his weakened health, however, and he was sent home in an invalid condition, arriving in Council Bluffs about a month before his death.

Medic Tells of His First Time on Front

There was one branch of noncombatant service that took men into just as hazardous places at times as any combatant duty. That was the first aid service of the medical units. Those men with their belts of bandage buckled around them who went to the rescue of the wounded were a big factor in holding down the number of casualties among the American troops. The following story by Clyde F. Watt in a little history put out by Field Hospital No. 7 tells who helped win the war:

On the morning of July 15, 1918, an order came dispatching two details to Ambulance Companies Nos. 5 and 7. These ambulance companies were in action on the Marne salient and the men chosen on these two details knew that at last an opportunity to see real service had been thrust upon them. None knew how real this service was to be, for the destination was not the ambulance dressing stations as was anticipated. They were dispatched to the regimental infirmary of the 30th Infantry.

We had volunteered when our country called. No draft was necessary for us to do our duty. Now the time had come when we were to prove to ourselves as well as to others that we were made of the real stuff and had the courage of true Americans. "Would we meet the test?" was a question in our minds. The first sight of American dead and the whining of Boche shells were all that was needed to settle the question. Though we were not fighting men we had our work to do and that was to care for the men who were so gallantly fighting on the front. To shirk this duty would have been as great an offense as a soldier could commit.

The trip from the ambulance dressing station to the regimental aid station was made in motor trucks and ambulances. The two details concentrated at a chateau between St. Eugene nd Crezancy. While waiting for the last ambulance to come in we received our first instructions in the "belly to ground" calisthenics. Boche heavies were coming many at a time, and some hitherto unknown power within us compelled our bodies to do a double quick groundward.

One nice feature of the H. E. is that it usually makes a hole big enough to take shelter from those that follow. At the same time there might be a very disagreeable affect to this procedure, as there is a danger that the shell contained some mustard gas.

After a short stay in the chateau yard we proceeded on our way to the top of a small mountain which was our goal. The hill was covered with a dense growth of timber which the terrible artillery fire of the Boche the night before had torn to shreds.

With difficulty we made our way through the fallen trees, stopping occasionally to rest, for the midday sun was beating down with all its power and we were carrying extra loads of litters and first aid material. At one of these halts we found ourselves near a battery of French 75s which was being manned by Battery B, 10th Field Artillery. Here we saw one reason why the Germans were unsuccessful in their attempt to break through the American lines. These little guns were barking away like mad, and we could hear the chorus of others up and down the valley.

The climb was resumed, and with perspiration rolling from us, we grimly plodded toward the top. We had come to a crisis and there was very little cursing done, and that little was hurled toward the north. Dead American soldiers were lying all about us. The horror of war was impressed upon every man's mind, and the wish of many was that they were not noncombatants so that they might don fighting equipment and assist in avenging the death of these men.

Finally we came to a little clearing in the wood and there was stationed an M. P. who told us that we should detour into the forest, as we were exposed to enemy observation. We detoured. That was a kind M. P. and he really helped win the war. That was only a kilometer from the Boche.

The regimental infirmary was reached and we stripped for action. The medical belt was put on. Our only weapons to combat the Huns with were our first aid packs, spirits of ammonia and the trusty hand axe. We set forth to care for the wounded and carry them back nearly two kilometers to a place where the ambulances could pick them up for transportation to hospitals farther back.

First-aid men were sent to various organizations of the regiment and these were constantly under shellfire of Sharpnel or H. E's. as well as a frequent attack of shell gas. Without a stop all worked until they were relieved on the morning of July 19, when the regiment was going back for reorganization and replacements.

Our stay in the battle line had not been a long one, but we had lived a lifetime in that short space. Late at night we reached the chateau where our company was stationed.

It was only a small part in the great war, and much more was to follow. Small though this part had been we were all proud to have been there to do our bit, and we had received preliminary training that was to aid in facing such dangers in the future. We did not win the war, but we helped, just as every man in the A. E. F. has helped, whether his part was on the front or farther back in the S. O. S. getting corn Bill and monkey meat, to say nothing of gold fish, up to the man who carried the gun.

Troops of Third Division on 200-Mile Hike Into Germany.

ANOTHER RULING FOR LONG SERVICE MEN

The War Department has announced that commanding officers who are authorized to order the discharge of enlisted men may now order the discharge of any who enlisted prior to April 2, 1917, providing they wish to be discharged from their old enlistment period for the purpose of re-enlisting for another three-year period.

The new ruling provides that a final discharge be given from the old enlistment period regardless of the time one still is supposed to serve, and that those who receive such discharge for the purpose of re-enlisting are entitled to the $60 bonus and travel pay allowances.

THE TOWN OF NO GOOD

Bud, have you heard of the Town of NO-GOOD,
On the banks of the River Slow,
Where the Some-Time-or-Other scents the air,
And the soft Go-Easies grow?

It lies in the valley of What's-the-Use,
In the province of Let-'er-Slide;
It's the home of the reckless I-Don't-Care,
Where the Give-It-Up's reside.

The town is as old as the human tide,
And grows with the flight of years.
It is wrapped in the fog of Idlers' dreams,
Its streets are paved with discarded schemes,
And are sprinkled with useless tears.

ROBERT L. REED,
Supply Sgt. Co. A, 3rd Ammunition Train.

STUCK IN THE MUD.

Camp Hospital No. 33,
Brest, France, Sept. 19, 1919.

Editor the Watch on the Rhine:

Dear Sir: When the Third Division came through Brest enroute to the U. S. A. the personnel of Ambulance Company No. 5 and Field Hospital No. 5, along with medical detachments of the 76th Field Artillery and the 30th Infantry, were removed from the division and left over here.

It seems to us that since we were good enough to go through the war with the division we should be good enough to finish our enlistments with the division.

The officers of the division promised us that if we would re-enlist we would remain in the division, regardless of where the division went, providing we wanted to.

If this promise had not been given most of us would not have re-enlisted.

So it seems to me that it is up to the division to get us back if it wants to do the square thing by us.

Respectfully yours,
ROBERT H. HIRZEL,
Formerly with Ambulance Company No. 5.

NOVEMBER 8 IS BIG DAY ON THE GRIDIRON

One of the mid-season footbal gates, November 8, will be among the big afternoons this year. Chicago and Michigan, pioneer rivals in western football, will clash on Stagg Field in Chicago. On the same day Illinois will journey to Minneapolis to meet what promises to be a strong Minnesota eleven. The "Gospel" will be primed for this game just as much as for the final battle of the year with Michigan at Ann Arbor on November 22.

Northwestern, which bids fair to be a factor in Big Ten football this fall, will play Iowa at Evanston.

Purdue is scheduled to journey to Columbus to give battle to Ohio State in the latter's second conference game.

In the east the principal clash will bring Princeton and Harvard together on the "Tigers'" gridiron. Yale is slated to go into action against Brown, a team which always commands the respect of any opponent. Notre Dame will journey east to engage in its annual intersectional game with the Army at West Point.

AROUND THE WORLD IN A DAY.

If you could fly in an airplane at a steady speed of 1,039 miles an hour and keep it up for 24 hours, and were to start westward at noon on the equator, the sun would not set for you that day, but the earth would make one complete revolution under your feet.

Fine Points of Flag Courtesy Not Observed

The number of persons who know flag etiquette thoroughly in this country is far less, no doubt, than the number who know the words to one complete stanza of "The Star Spangled Banner," which is another way of saying that the number is mightly low.

Most men who have been in the service for a year or two know a little about correct flag etiquette, but even their knowledge is often limited, though they are usually able to catch a multitude of faults that civilians make in flag courtesies, if they look for them.

"While there is no federal law pertaining to the manner of displaying the flag, there are many regulations and usages of national force bearing on the subject," says a bulletin from the National Geograpic Society. The bulletin quotes from a communication to the society setting forth "flag etiquette" as follows:

"In raising the flag it should never be rolled up and hoisted to the top of the staff before unfurling. Instead, the fly should be free during the act of hoisting, which should be done quickly. It should be taken in slowly and with dignity. It should not be allowed to touch the ground on shore or the deck of a ship, nor should it be permitted to trail in the water or in the dust. It should not be hung where it can be contaminated or soiled easily, or draped over chairs or seating purposes, and no object or benches for seating purposes, and no object or emblem of any kind should be placed upon it or above it.

"A common but regrettable practice at public meetings is to drape the flag like a tablecloth over the speaker's table and then to place on the flag a pitcher of ice water, flowers, books, etc. Another equally careless practice, and, unfortunately, quite common, is to tie small United States flags to the bottom of a stage curtain; when the curtain is raised the flags are lifted aloft and are effectively displayed, but when the curtain is lowered so that the stage scenes may be shifted the flags trail in the dust of the stage floor.

"The flag should not be festooned over doorways or arches. Always let the flag hang straight. Do not tie it in a bowknot. Where colors are desired for decorative purposes use red, white and blue bunting.

"International usage forbids the display of the flag of one nation above the that of any other with which it is at peace. Such an act is considered an insult in times of peace. When the flags of two or more nations are displayed they should be on separate staffs, or on separate halyards of equal size and on the same level.

"When the national colors are passing on parade or in review the spectator should, if walking, halt, and if sitting, arise and stand at attention and uncover.

"When flags are used in unveiling a statue or monument they should not be allowed to fall to the ground, but should be carried aloft to wave out, forming a distinctive feature during the remainder of the ceremony.

"Where the national flag is displayed with state or other flags, it should be given the place of honor on the right. Its use should be confined as much as possible to its display upon the staff. Where used as a banner, the union should fly to the north in streets running east and west, and to the east in streets running north and south.

"Old, faded or wornour flags should not be used for banners or other secondary purposes.

"When no longer fit for display the flag should be destroyed privately, preferably by burning or other methods lacking the suggestion of irreverence or disrespect.

"Over only three buildings in America does the national flag fly officially night and day continuously—over the east and west fronts of the national capitol and over the adjacent House of Representatives and Senate office buildings. The two emblems over the capitol (storm-flag size) are replaced every six weeks, the wear and tear, due to wind and rain, being excessive.

"Over the Senate and House of Representative wings of the capitol the flags fly only while those bodies are in session and during a recess. At adjournment, either at the end of a day's work or for the session, they are lowered.

"When the Stars and Stripes float from the flagstaff of the White House, from sunrise to sunset, it is indicative of the presence in Washington of the president."

IMPORTANT DATE IN HISTORY.

On the 10th of October in 1845, the United States Naval Academy at Annapolis was opened. George Bancroft, the historian, who was then secretary of the navy, was largely instrumental in establishing the academy.

THE REASON.

"You don't seem inclined to embark on the sea of life in a matrimonial craft."

"Not I; it is too much of a revenue cutter."

TRIP TO PORT TAKES MEN BY NOTED PLACES

(Continued from Page 1.)

gresses and peace conventions, is a beautiful place surrounded by attractive round hills dotted with clean, modern dwellings.

From there the course struck out across Belgium, passing soon through the edge of Liege, that little city with its numerous fortresses facing toward Germany, and the place where the Belgian armies made so valiant a stand early in the dark days of 1914, thereby giving the French armies a chance to mobilize along the border. The route lay close enough to two or three of these fortified hills for the men to see a little of what these constructions were like.

Not long after passing by Liege the route led through Namur on the Meuse, famous for its cutlery and glass, and also a strongly fortified city, but with its fortifications facing the French frontier. Here also the Germans met a strong resistance in the early days of the war.

The route then went by way of Charleroi, noted for its coal and iron, and on to Mons, the heart of the coal fields of Belgium. It was from this place that the Anglo-French armies began their slow, steady retreat that did not stop until the strategy of Marshal Joffre on the Marne turned back the invaders. As the trains moved farther and farther to the southwest from Mons, more and more of the destructive effects of the war were to be seen.

The next place of any size was Valenciennes, once known the world over for its lace, and now a prominent coal center. Then came Douai with more and more of the scars of war.

From Douai to Amiens is one of the few most battle-stricken regions of all France. That part of the country, once a flourishing plain dotted here and there with thrifty little villages and an occasional large town, is now a waste land and more like a wilderness than a section of a civilized country.

The once level fields are torn up, almost every yard of them, by the shell fire that rained in on them for four years, and by the maze of trenches and dugouts that first one side and then the other fought so desperately to hold. Of all the many villages in the neighborhood of Arras, the next large place from Douai, scarcely a single one of them had left standing in it a strip of wall more than ten or twelve feet in height. Not a roof was left. Those once thriving towns looked as if some huge, monstrous steam roller had leveled them to the earth.

Here and there in the fields amid some tangle of barbed wire could be seen an occasional tank, well rusted and half wrecked. Now and then there would be a small swampy lake that showed signs of fierce fighting about it. Nothing but blunt stubs were left of the trees that once stood upon its banks, and the deep entrenchments hugging the water's edge indicated the effort with which the contending forces had sought to hold these places.

Arras itself, until the outbreak of the war, the principal grain market of northern France, was one of the most thorough pictures of desolation to be found. Though not entirely leveled to the ground, every building was a wreck, and no sign of life was present through all those long streets where it seemed that human life should be. The strange quietude filled one with awe until he had passed beyond the limits of the city.

From there the course led through the towns of Achiet and Albert, and several small villages that had changed hands so many times during the war, until arriving at Amiens, where the British stuck so doggedly. After leaving this city on the Somme, where the largest cathedral of France is located, the trains pulled out of the battlefields, and passed by way of Rouen near the mouth of the Seine, where Joan of Arc was burned at the stake.

After going almost south for some distance, the route turned west again at Laigle, passing through that picturesque little city of Rennes, and thence to St. Brieuc.

At St. Brieuc the men passed within sight of the ocean. For most of them it was the first time they had seen any part of the Atlantic after the day they landed in France, and it sent quite a thrill through them to know that they would soon be speeding across that body of water towards their homeland.

The next large town was Morlaix—and then Brest. There the men hopped off the trains without delay, and ended their last ride on box-cars.

The next hitch of the homeward journey was in order.

Real Service.

"No, we haven't had any for a long time," the new clerk said to the woman customer.

The department manager, standing nearby, stepped forward hurriedly. "No, madam, but we can get it for you quickly, I am sure," he said.

"How splendid!" she exclaimed, and, laughing, left the store.

The manager, with a feeling all was not right, asked the new clerk what it was they hadn't had for a long time.

"She said we had not had any rain recently," the clerk said.—Associated Advertising.

GENERAL ALLEN COMMENDS 3RD AT DEPARTURE

General Howze Receives Note Expressing High Praise for Many Exploits of Marnemen.

Just as the Third Division was leaving the Rhine country, Major General Henry T. Allen, commanding the American Forces in Germany, sent a letter to Major General Robert L. Howze, in which he expressed his appreciation of the work that the Marne Division did during the war and, later, as part of the Army of Occupation in Germany.

The letter, embodied in General Order No. 28, Headquarters Third Division, follows:

"To Commanding General, Third Division, A. E. F.:

"Upon the eve of your departure for the Homeland, the Commanding General avails himself of the opportunity to express to you and to your officers and men his high appreciation of their service to the nation.

"After a brief period of training in France, you were thrown into the line south of the Marne to help block the enemy's advance upon the Capital City of the French Republic. In those trying days of June and July, 1918, you stood fast against the onslaughts of a desperate enemy, and were largely responsible for forever dissipating the German dream of taking Paris. Then, having proved to the enemy your defensive worth, you drove him across the Marne and advanced to the Ourcq, demonstrating your prowess in attack. You well earned your title to the 'Marne Division.'

"At St. Mihiel, although your infantry was held in reserve, your artillery effectively paved the way for the infantry of another division and maintained a very high standard of fighting efficiency.

"In the Meuse-Argonne offensive, your blows helped force the enemy back from Montfaucon, through the Bois de Clair Chenes, and materially assisted in clearing him from the left bank of the Meuse.

"You were selected to join the American Army that was to advance to the Rhine. Though tired after arduous service in the line, your conduct on that long and tedious march was admirable. While in the Army of Occupation, your discipline and bearing have been noted with pride by the Commander-in-Chief and the Army Commanders, and your high morale has been unaffected by eight months' service on the Rhine.

"Soldiers of the Third Division: You have well played your part in the terrible theater of the World War, and you will carry with you always that satisfaction which comes from the knowledge of a duty well performed.

"By command of Major General Allen.

"Wm. W. Harts,
"Chief of Staff."

30-Day Leave Is More Than Harry Needs

Anyone who has ever been around the Tenth Field Artillery knows Harry Gray.

Harry has been noncom more times than all the rest of the regiment put together. He may be stable sergeant one day and K. P. the next, or vice versa. In the course of a month he usually holds every grade from top kick down to the mill and then back again. He rarely puts chevrons on his sleeves. He is likely to be "busted" while he is sewing them on.

Well, the other day Harry put in for a furlough, and as he hadn't been in the mill for a few weeks, or hadn't taken one of his customary unannounced furloughs for some time, he got what he asked for—a real sure-enough 30-day leave.

Harry had about $200 which he hoped to be able to make last one way or another, and he had finally planned it out how he was going to have a fairly good time on that amount—for two weeks of the time at least.

When the time came around Harry bid all the boys good-bye and started out. The rest of the story has never been learned in detail, but it seems that Harry got as far as St. Louis and then someone tapped him—probably, however, after Harry had tapped something himself. At any rate, Harry lost his money, and he doesn't seem to know when or how he lost it.

When Harry showed up at Camp Pike about four days after he had left he was showered with such a bombardment of questions that he had to tell all he knew. Anyway, he says he was homesick to see the boys.

French General Makes Speech When Memorial Is Dedicated

At the dedication of the Third Division memorial in Chateau Thierry on the 9th of August, after Major General Robert L. Howze, then Commander of the Third Division, had delivered his address—which was printed in The Watch on the Rhine before the Division left Germany—General Laignelot, Commander of the 40th Division of the French Army, made the following reply:

"My General, Mr. Mayor, and Citizens:

"The General commanding the 6th C. A., occupied by his numerous duties, has sent me to express to you his regrets at not being able to take part himself in this important ceremony, where I have the great honor to represent him.

"Gentlemen, when, in 1918, the Germans launched their formidable offensive; when for the second time they occupied this quaint and picturesque town of Chateau Thierry, they imagined that they had already attained victory.

"They did not consider the generalship of our great leaders; they did not consider the daring and the valor of the American Army.

"In the first campaign of this Army, the Third U. S. Division, 'the Marne Division,' which checked the invading horde, distinguished itself here on this very battlefield.

"We shall always carefully preserve the memorial of these dead heroes, the monuments which are being dedicated at this ceremony, perpetuating the memory of these noble dead for generations to come. These monuments shall continue to stand, just as there shall continue to stand that indestructible friendship which unites our two nations, nations that are sisters already through blood spilt for a common cause, sisters through their common glory, and sisters, also, through the congruity of their noble sentiments of Liberty, Justice, and Right.

"Honor to the United States of America!"

Bath a la Bolsheviki Almost Fatal to Would-Be Civilians

The Bolsheviki bath is the latest thing in hygiene.

The original Bolsheviki bath was installed at Camp Merritt, New Jersey, for the purgation of returning troops who were soon to be discharged.

This institution is still the only one of its kind. In fact it is inimitable in its lavatory science. Anyone who can establish another like it wins the fur-lined coffin.

The usual method of procedure is to disorganize about two hundred men and usher them in mob formation into the first room. There one is ordered to undress. After jamming his neighbors in the eyes with his elbows and in the stomachs with his knees along with receiving a few such punctures himself, he is able to accomplish the contortions necessary in removing his clothes.

Then he is told to roll his clothing together—whatever of it he is now able to find—bind the bundle, with his belt, and attach his "dog tags." Now most soldiers at this stage of the game have ceased to wear their "dog tags." They think that because the war is over all the danger is past. Had they known before hand what awaited them at this last stage of their military careers, every one would have saved his "dog tags," not for the purpose of attaching to his clothing, but, knowing the danger he was to go through, to wear upon his own person.

But having given up the habit of wearing ornaments, most of them had to be content with attaching slips of paper bearing their names, or letting the bundles go unmarked. Then the bundles were dumped into huge containers to be steamed, and the men were shoved into the next step of the process.

That was the place where the water was turned on. There was nothing much the matter with the showers, except that part of he water was boiling, part of it had icicles in it, and there was no way of regulating the temperature. In spite of that it might have been a good bath, if the jam hadn't been so thick around one that he coudln't make use of his hands in washing.

Then, after one had shaken as much of the water from his body as possible, he entered upon the most remarkable part of the process. That was one's attempt to recover his clothes. The room was a small one where the mob had to go to get their equipment after it had gone through the steamer, and of course every one strove to get in there as soon as possible.

And then the real act began. Standing jam up against naked bodies on every side, one waited, expectant every moment that the next hot, steam-soaked bundle to be lifted out of the containers and called off would be his own. But that roll of clothing was more than likely buried beneath a hundred or more other such bundles, and so he waited.

When a bundle had been fished out, a fellow perched on a table would call out the name of the man that it belonged to—that is, if there was any way for him to know whose it was. Few rolls had "dog tags" attached, and most of the paper labels had been steamed until they fell apart and could not be read. As a result most of the bundles were auctioned off to anyone who would take them. If no one put in a bid for some bundle, it was hurled out into the center of the mob and eventually trampled under foot.

A big part of the clothing rolls had been jostled around so much that they came apart, and these pieces of loose apparel were flung out into the crowd in hit and miss fashion, and anyone who wanted them and could get to them owned them. Even when a man did get his own clothes and was ready to dress, it was next to impossible for him to work his way out of the room.

That mad house lasted for over an hour. It become so hot that many a man would have dropped from suffocation, had not the crowd been so thick that there wasn't room for him to fall. Many, rather than remain in such a place, would have left and gone to their barracks, had they been able to muster so much as a smile to wear.

Thanks to the resourcefulness of a soldier, every one eventually procured something or other with which to cover his nakedness. Afterwards there was much conjecturing on the part of each man as to how many of those bodies were diseased against which he had been so tightly jammed for so long. And it is certain that every man of the lot vowed that the next time he should be discharged out of the army he wouldn't indulge in the luxuries of a Bolsheviki bath.

Why is it that an ex-Rhinelander of the non-squarehead breed often catches himself looking very cautiously about him before addressing some interesting-looking damsel? Does he think there's a ban on fraternizing in this country?

IF.

By Rudyard Kipling

(Revised Army Edition)

If you can stay in bed when all about you
Are standing reveille and drill calls too:
If you can keep your head when looies flout you,
And make allowance for their flouting too;
If you can eat and not get tired of eating,
If you can hit eleven with a jack,
If you can lose your money playing poker,
And make the winner give your losings back;

If you can bear to hear the rules you've broken
Repeated in a special summary court,
And find the pleas you've sorrowfully spoken
To get you out of trouble bring you nought;
If you can pay your fine and serve your sentence,
And still step out with pockets full of jack,
And dodge the watchful sentry at the gate-post,
And use some secret entrance coming back;

If you can get the doc to mark you "quarters,"
And leave your work for some one else to do,
And tell that some one how you'd like to help him,
Then bum him for a makin's or a chew;
If you can fill the unforgiving minute
With sixty seconds worth of work undone,
Yours is the Army and everything that's in it,
And you'll rise to be a general, my son.

E. F. COOK,
3rd F. A. Brigade.

PERSHING IN LAST MESSAGE THANKS A. E. F.

Men Presented at Departure With Letter in Which Commander Lauds Their Work.

"A personal word to my fellow-soldiers," General Pershing's thanks to the men of the A. E. F., contained in G. O. No. 38-A, General Headquarters, France, was distributed to the Third Division on shipboard.

The Commander-in-Chief, after praising the American soldiers for their accomplishments in Europe, and their fighting qualities, asks the returning men to carry home with them the high ideals for which they fought and triumphed, and to live, as they served, with vigor, strength, and indomitable purpose. The "personal word" follows:

"My Fellow Soldiers: Now that your service with the American Expeditionary Forces is about to terminate, I can not let you go without a personal word.

"At the call to arms, the patriotic young manhood of America eagerly responded and became the formidable army whose decisive victories testify to its efficiency and its valor.

"With the support of the nation firmly united to defend the cause of liberty, our army has executed the will of the people with resolute purpose. Our democracy has been tested, and the forces of autocracy have been defeated.

"To the glory of the citizen-soldier, our troops have faithfully fulfilled their trust, and in a succession of brilliant offenses have overcome the menace to our civilization.

"As an individual, your part in the world war has been an important one to the sum total of our achievements. Whether keeping lonely vigil in the trenches, or gallantly storming the enemy's strongholds, whether enduring monotonous drudgery at the rear, or sustaining the fighting line at the front, each has bravely and efficiently played his part.

"By willing sacrifice of personal rights, by cheerful endurance of hardship and privation; by vigor, strength and indomitable will, made effective by thorough organization and cordial co-operation, you inspired the war-worn Allies with new life and turned the tide of threatened defeat into overwhelming victory.

"With a consecrated devotion to duty and a will to conquer, you have loyally served your country. By your exemplary conduct a standard has been established and maintained never before attained by any army.

"With mind and body as clean and strong as the decisive blows you delivered against the foe, you are soon to return to the pursuits of peace. In leaving the scenes of your victories, may I ask that you carry home your high ideals, and continue to live as you have served—an honor to the principles for which you have fought, and to the fallen comrades you leave behind.

"It is with pride in our success that I extend to you my sincere thanks for your splendid service to the army and to the nation."

They're Wondering How Silver-Striper Got Wound Chevron

Two newly discharged Third Division men were walking along the street of a mid-western city, trying to pick up American ways so that they would know how to act when they had spent that $60 bonus for some civvies.

They were so fresh from the Rhineland that they were in a receptive mood for almost anything that might be handed to them. But they met up with one thing that strained their credulity.

As they were passing along trying to take in everything possible without appearing too unaccustomed to such surroundings, they spied another man in uniform.

The first detail of his attire that they noticed was that he wore a wound chevron on his right sleeve—at least that is what they took it to be.

Naturally they edged around to his left to see what division insignia he wore on his shoulder. He might indeed be one of their own Third Division comrades.

He wore no division insignia, but on his left sleeve he wore three big glittering silver chevrons. There was no doubt about it—they were silver chevrons!

Now they had been well informed that silver chevrons on the left sleeve stand for service in the U. S. A.

With this consideration in mind they have been pondering ever since as to how he comes by the wound chevron. Did he have the "flu," or did his commanding officer bawl him out, or is he suffering from a broken heart?

YANK'S RETURN VOYAGE MARRED BY NIGHTMARE

It was a little past midnight. The ship was running smoothly, and the ventilators and open port-holes were furnishing currents of fresh air that kept most of the soldiers sleeping soundly.

The only soldier on that deck who was stirring in his bunk had already had one vivid dream of planting his hob-nails under Dad's table and attacking one of Mother's fried chicken dinners.

He was just about to start in on the same dreamland experience again, when someone across the narrow aisle raised himself up, threw aside his blankets, and slid out upon the floor.

"What are you going to do, Bill?" asked the one with the fried chicken vision.

"I'm going back," was the reply.

"Back up on deck? You're not seasick with the sea as calm as this, are you?" queried the other.

"I'm going back I tell you. They can put me on guard and K. P. and they can drill hell out of me, but they can't take me back. I don't go back, that's all." With that he started up along the aisle with nothing on but his underwear.

"I wonder what the devil that bird's got on his mind, anyway," mused the other. "If he's sweet on some fraulein, or if he can't do without the Rhine wine, why the deuce didn't he get discharged in Germany and stay there? Wonder what he's up to, anyway—wonder if he thinks he'll get a lifeboat and row back to Germany. He's liable to do anything."

Presently it struck him to keep an eye on Bill and see what happened, so he scrambled out of his bunk and followed hot-foot to the deck above.

He found the discontented soldier wandering around rather aimlessly at first, so he stood back in a shadow to watch him.

After a few moments Bill walked over to the railing, leaned out and looked down into the moonlit water. Then he crawled upon the railing.

The other began to think it was about time to interfere. "What's coming off here, anyway?" he called as he emerged from the shadow.

"I tell you I'm not going back. I'll swim the ocean before I'll go back," declared Bill.

"Come off of there," commanded the other, though he was only a first class private and Bill was a corporal.

As his order was not obeyed, he rushed quickly at the corporal, grabbed him by the legs and pulled him down. The deck was slippery from the spray, and they fell in a heap, the corporal's head striking the floor quite heavily.

For a moment Corporal Bill seemed rather dazed, and then he came to himself. 'Gosh, I didn't know I went to sleep up here on deck," he said. "If some guy hadn't come along just now and stepped on my head, I suppose I'd have slept here till morning. Let go of me, Jim, and let's go down stairs and go to bed right. It takes more than just huggling up close to keep you warm out in this air. Gee, but I had an awful dream! Thought we had turned around and were going back to Germany, and I was dreaming I was going to jump overboard and swim home."

"Well," said Jim, "you wouldn't have been long reaching your home, either—the one St. Peter's keeping for you,—if it hadn't been for me."

NO TROOPS TO ARMENIA.

It has been announced that the report of the Harbord mission on the advisability of the United States accepting the Armenian mandate will be an unfavorable one.

The Harbord mission, which was sent to Armenia to look into the matter of accepting the mandate and to ascertain the responsibilities that such a step would incur, has found that the difficulties, expenses and entanglements would be too great.

If the government follows the advice of the mission it will mean that no American troops will be sent to Armenia as was contemplated for some time.

YOU CAN STILL GET THE VICTORY BUTTON

Everyone who was in the military service during the war and has been honorably discharged is entitled to receive the victory button for wearing on the lapel of civilian clothing, though many failed to receive it at the time of their discharge because the demobilization camp through which they passed was not supplied with the buttons at the time.

If one who is due the victory button has not yet obtained one he may do so by applying at the nearest army station, camp, post or recruiting office, as practically all of them now have a supply.

The applicant should bring his discharge to show that he is entitled to the button, and so that the proper notation of issue may be made in the upper right hand corner.

If one's discharge shows that he has been wounded he receives a button of oxidized silver. If not, he receives one of bronze.